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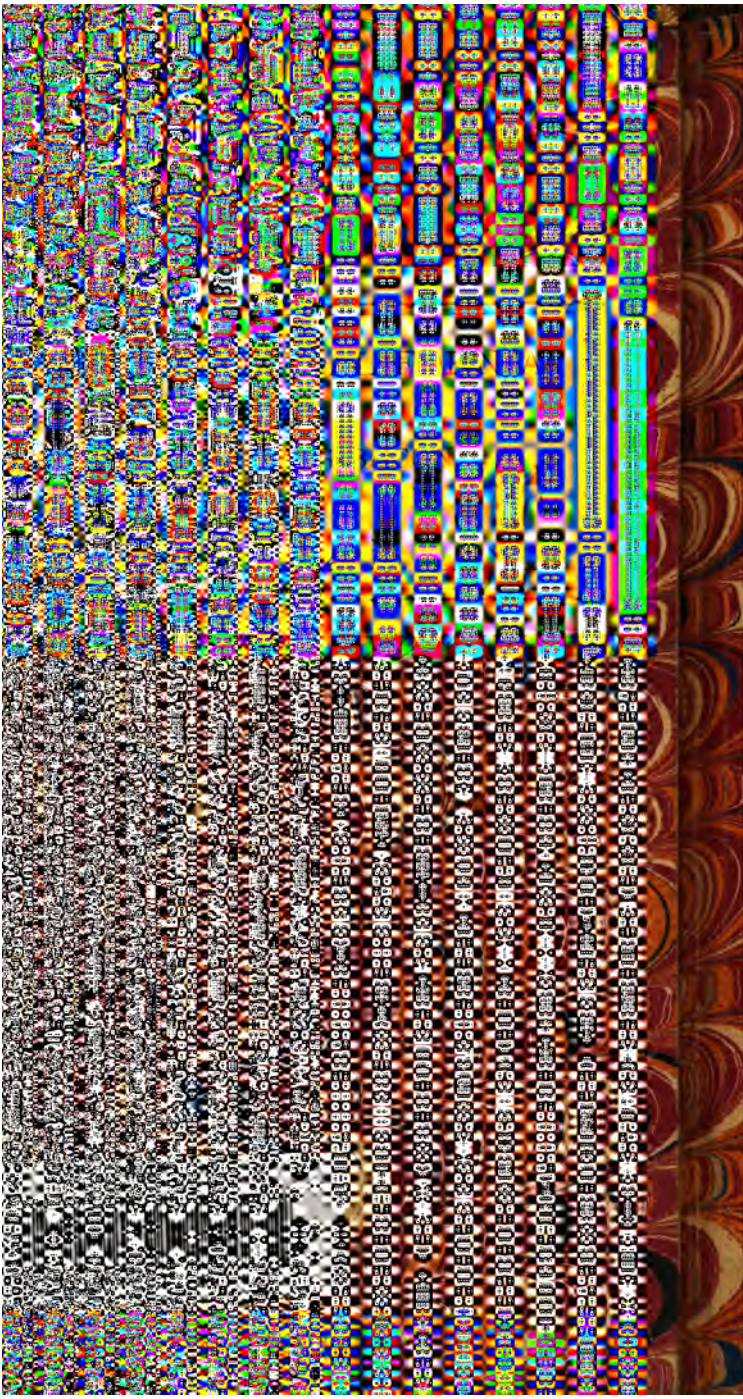
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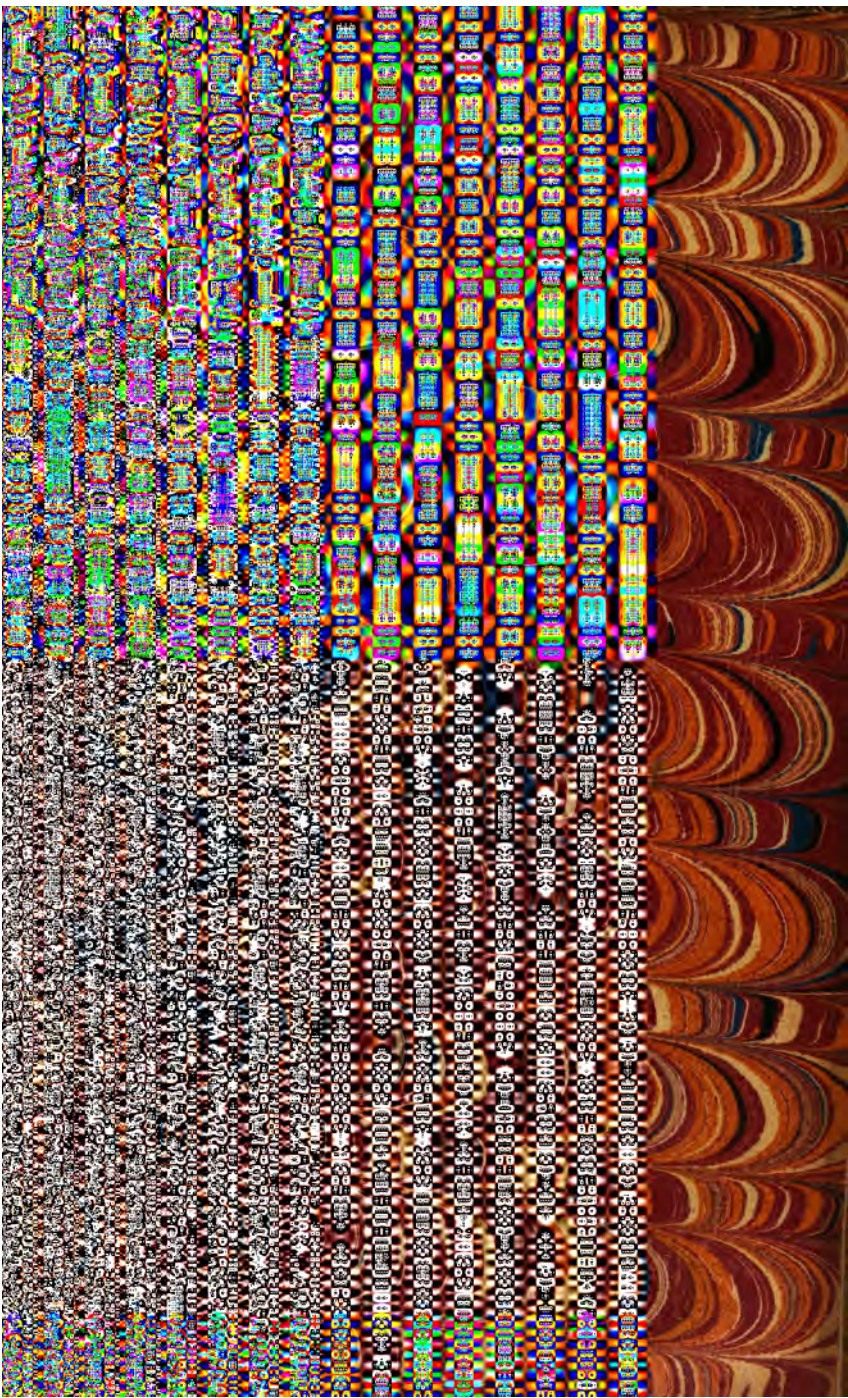
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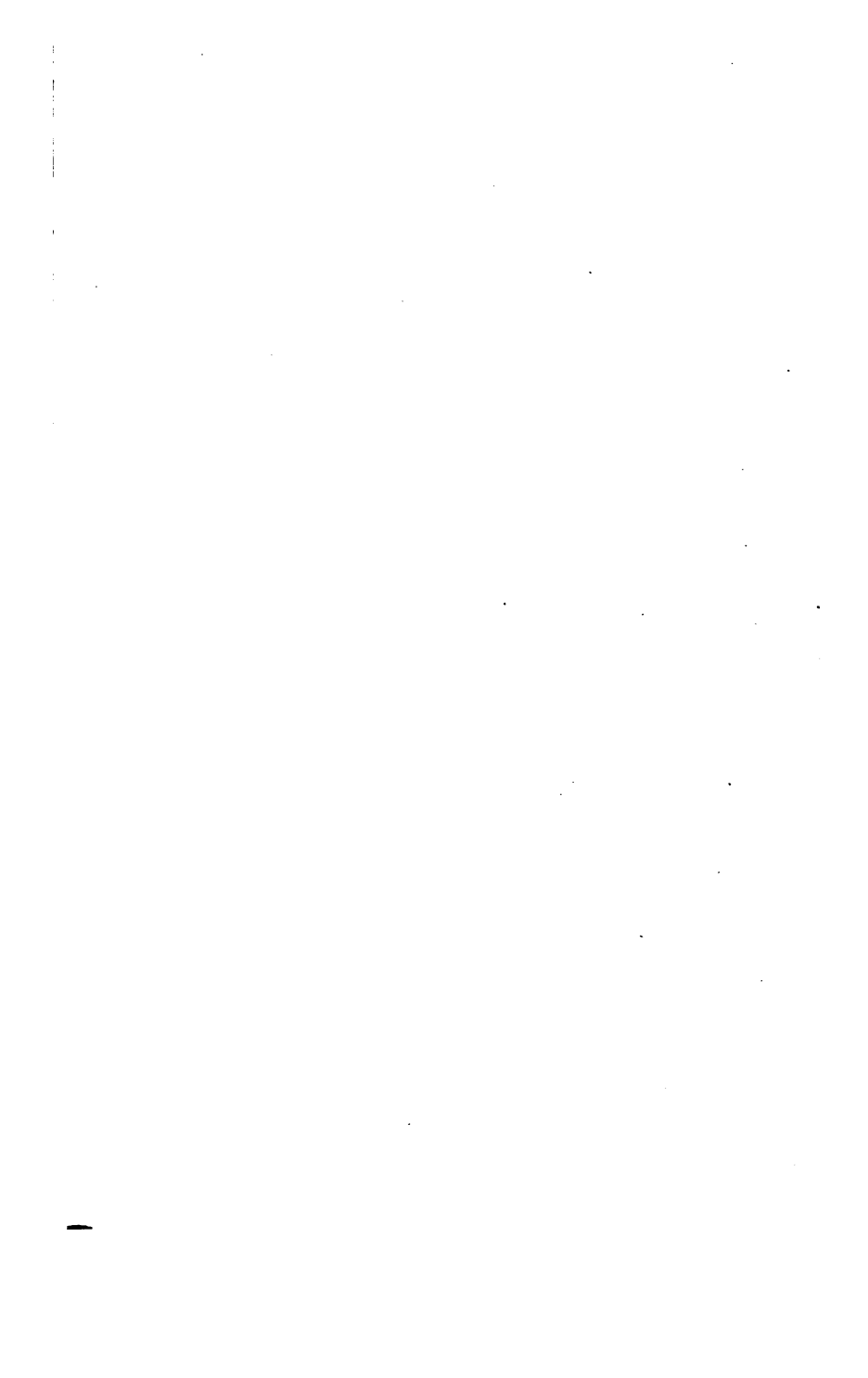
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Henry & Bauer.

VISITS AND SKETCHES

AT HOME AND ABROAD

WITH

TALES AND MISCELLANIES NOW FIRST COLLECTED

AND A NEW EDITION OF THE

DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.

BY MRS. JAMESON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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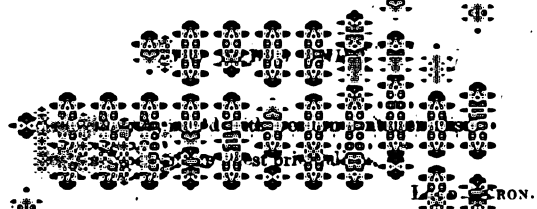
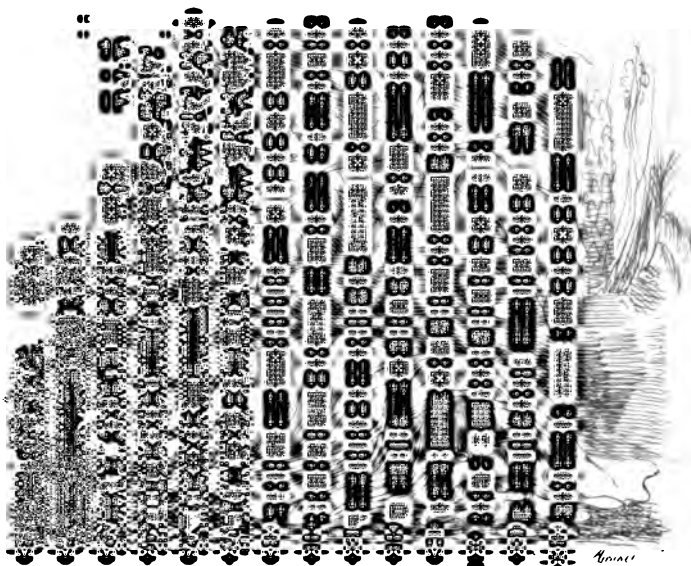
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the Ganges, and from the snowy mountains of the north to the kingdoms of Guzerat and Candeish on the south. After having subdued the factious omrahs, and the hereditary enemies of his family, and made tributary to his power most of the neighbouring kingdoms, there occurred a short period of profound peace. Assisted by able ministers, Akbar employed this interval in alleviating the miseries, which half a century of war and ravage had called down upon this beautiful but ever wretched country. Commerce was relieved from the heavy imposts, which had hitherto clogged its progress; the revenues of the empire were improved and regulated; by a particular decree, the cultivators of the earth were exempted from serving in the imperial armies; and justice was every where impartially administered; tempered, however, with that extreme clemency, which in the early part of his reign, Akbar carried to an excess almost injurious to his interests. India, so long exposed to the desolating inroads of invaders, and torn by internal factions, began, at length, to “wear her plumed and jewelled turban with a smile of peace;” and all the various nations united

under his sway—the warlike Afghans, the proud Moguls, the gentle-spirited Hindoos, with one voice blessed the wise and humane government of the son of Baber, and unanimously bestowed upon him the titles of AKBAR, or the GREAT, and JUGGUT GROW, or GUARDIAN of MANKIND.

Meantime the happiness, which he had diffused among millions, seemed to have fled from the bosom of the sovereign. Cares far different from those of war, deeper than those of love, (for the love of eastern monarchs is seldom shadowed by anxiety,) possessed his thoughtful soul. He had been brought up in the strictest forms of the Mohammedan religion, and he meditated upon the text, which enjoins the extermination of all who rejected his prophet, till his conscience became like a troubled lake. He reflected that in his vast dominions there were at least fifteen different religions, which were subdivided into about three hundred and fifty sects: to extirpate thousands and tens of thousands of his unoffending subjects, and pile up pyramids of human heads in honour of God and his prophet, as his predecessors had done before him, was, to his mild nature, not only

abhorrent, but impossible. Yet as his power had never met with any obstacle, which force or address had not subdued before him, the idea of bringing this vast multitude to agree in one system of belief and worship appeared to him not utterly hopeless.

He consulted, after long reflection, his favourite and secretary, Abul Fazil, the celebrated historian, of whom it was proverbially said, that "the monarchs of the East feared more the pen of Abul Fazil than the sword of Akbar." The acute mind of that great man saw instantly the wild impracticability of such a scheme; but willing to prove it to his master without absolutely contradicting his favourite scheme, he proposed, as a preparatory step, that the names of the various sects of religion known to exist in the sultan's dominions should be registered, and the tenets of their belief contained in their books of law, or promulgated by their priests, should be reviewed and compared; thence it would appear how far it was possible to reconcile them one with another.

This suggestion pleased the great king: and there went forth a decree from the imperial throne,

commanding that all the religions and sects of religion to be found within the boundaries of the empire should send deputies, on a certain day, to the sultan, to deliver up their books of law, to declare openly the doctrines of their faith, and be registered by name in a volume kept for this purpose—whether they were followers of Jesus, of Moses, or of Mohammed; whether they worshipped God in the sun, in the fire, in the image, or in the stream; by written law or traditional practice: true believer or pagan infidel, none were excepted. The imperial mandate was couched in such absolute, as well as alluring terms, that it became as impossible as impolitic to evade it; it was therefore the interest of every particular sect, to represent in the most favourable light the mode of faith professed by each. Some thought to gain favour by the magnificence of their gifts; others, by the splendour of their processions. Some rested their hopes on the wisdom and venerable appearance of the deputies they selected to represent them; and others, (they were but few,) strong in their faith and spiritual pride, deemed all such aids unnecessary, and trusted in

the truth of the doctrines they professed, which they only waited an opportunity to assert, secure that they needed only to be heard, to convert all who had ears to hear.

On the appointed day, an immense multitude had assembled from all the quarters of the empire, and pressed through the gates and streets of Agra, then the capital and residence of the monarch. The principal durbar, or largest audience-court of the palace, was thrown open on this occasion. At the upper end was placed the throne of Akbar. It was a raised platform, from which sprung twelve twisted pillars of massy gold, all radiant with innumerable gems, supporting the golden canopy, over which waved the white umbrella, the insignia of power; the cushions upon which the emperor reclined, were of cloth of gold, incrustated with rubies and emeralds; six pages, of exquisite beauty, bearing fans of peacocks' feathers, were alone permitted to approach within the silver balustrade, which surrounded the seat of power. On one side stood the vizir Chan Azim, bold and erect of look, as became a warrior, and Abul Fazil, with his tablets in his hand, and his eyes

modestly cast down: next to him stood Dominico Cuença, the Portuguese missionary, and two friars of his order, who had come from Goa by the express command of the sultan; on the other side, the muftis and doctors of the law. Around were the great omrahs, the generals, governors, tributary princes, and ambassadors. The ground was spread with Persian carpets of a thousand tints, sprinkled with rose-water, and softer beneath the feet than the velvety durva grass; and clouds of incense, ambergris, and myrrh, filled the air. The gorgeous trappings of eastern splendour, the waving of standards, the glittering of warlike weapons, the sparkling of jewelled robes, formed a scene, almost sublime in its prodigal and lavish magnificence, such as only an oriental court could show.

Seven days did the royal Akbar receive and entertain the religious deputies: every day a hundred thousand strangers feasted at his expense; and every night the gifts he had received during the day, or the value of them, were distributed in alms to the vast multitude, without any regard to difference of belief. Seven days did the

royal Akbar sit on his musnud, and listen graciously to all who appeared before him. Many were the words spoken, and marvellous was the wisdom uttered ; sublime were the doctrines professed, and pure the morality they enjoined : but the more the royal Akbar heard, the more was his great mind perplexed ; the last who spoke seemed ever in the right, till the next who appeared turned all to doubt again. He was amazed, and said within himself, like the judge of old, "*What is truth ?*"

It was observed, that the many dissenting or heterodox sects of the Mohammedan religion excited infinitely more indignation among the orthodox muftis, than the worst among the pagan idolaters. Their hearts burned within them through impatience and wrath, and they would almost have died on the spot for the privilege of confuting those blasphemers, who rejected Abu Becker ; who maintained, with Abu Zail, that blue was holier than green ; or with Mozar, that a sinner was worse than an infidel ; or believed with the Morgians, that in paradise God is beheld only with the eyes of our understanding ; or with

the Kharejites, that a prince who abuses his power may be deposed without sin. But the sultan had forbidden all argument in his presence, and they were constrained to keep silence, though it was pain and grief to them.

The Seiks from Lahore, then a new sect, and since a powerful nation, with their light olive complexions, their rich robes and turbans all of blue, their noble features and free undaunted deportment, struck the whole assembly with respect, and were received with peculiar favour by the sultan. So also were the Ala-ilahiyahs, whose doctrines are a strange compound of the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the Pagan creeds; but the Sactas, or Epicureans of India, met with a far different reception. This sect, which in secret professed the most profane and detestable opinions, endeavoured to obtain favour by the splendid offerings they laid at the foot of the throne, and the graceful and seducing eloquence of their principal speaker. It was, however, in vain, that he threw over the tenets of his religion, as publicly acknowledged, the flimsy disguise of rhetoric and poetry; that he endeavoured to prove, that all happiness

consisted in enjoying the world's goods, and all virtue in mere abstaining from evil ; that death is an eternal sleep ; and therefore to reject the pleasures of this life, in any shape, the extreme of folly ; while at every pause of his oration, voices of the sweetest melody chorussed the famous burden :

“ May the hand never shake which gather'd the grapes !

May the foot never slip which press'd them !”

Akbar commanded the Sactas from his presence, amid the murmurs and execrations of all parties . and though they were protected for the present by he royal passport, they were subsequently banished beyond the frontiers of Cashmere.

The fire-worshippers, from Guzerat, presented the books of their famous teacher, Zoroaster ; to them succeeded the Jainas, the Buddhists, and many more, innumerable as the leaves upon the banyan tree—countless as the stars at midnight.

Last of all came the deputies of the Brahmans. On their approach there was a hushed silence, and then arose a suppressed murmur of amazement, curiosity, and admiration. It is well known with

what impenetrable secrecy the Brahmans guard the peculiar mysteries of their religion. In the reigns of Akbar's predecessors, and during the first invasions of the Moguls, many had suffered martyrdom in the most horrid forms, rather than suffer their sanctuaries to be violated, or disclose the contents of their Vedas or sacred books. Loss of caste, excommunication in this world, and eternal perdition in the next, were the punishments awarded to those, who should break this fundamental law of the Brahminical faith. The mystery was at length to be unveiled; the doubts and conjectures, to which this pertinacious concealment gave rise, were now to be ended for ever. The learned doctors and muftis bent forward with an attentive and eager look—Abul Fazil raised his small, bright, piercing eyes, while a smile of dubious import passed over his countenance—the Portuguese monk threw back his cowl, and the calm and scornful expression of his fine features changed to one of awakened curiosity and interest: even Akbar raised himself from his jewelled couch as the deputies of the Brahmans approached. A single delegate had been chosen from the twelve

principal temples and seats of learning, and they were attended by forty aged men, selected from the three inferior castes, to represent the mass of the Indian population—warriors, merchants, and husbandmen. At the head of this majestic procession was the Brahman Sarma, the high priest, and principal *Gooroo* or teacher of theology at Benares. This singular and venerable man had passed several years of his life in the court of the sultan Baber; and the dignity and austerity, that became his age and high functions, were blended with a certain grace and ease in his deportment, which distinguished him above the rest.

When the sage Sarma had pronounced the usual benediction, “May the king be victorious!” Akbar inclined his head with reverence. “Wise and virtuous Brahmans!” he said, “our court derives honour from your illustrious presence. Next to the true faith taught by our holy Prophet, the doctrines of Brahma must exceed all others in wisdom and purity, even as the priests of Brahma excel in virtue and knowledge the wisest of the earth: disclose, therefore, your sacred Sastras, that we may inhale from them, as from the roses

of paradise, the precious fragrance of truth and of knowledge!"

The Brahman replied, in the soft and musical tones of his people, "O king of the world! we are not come before the throne of power to betray the faith of our fathers, but to die for it, if such be the will of the sultan!" Saying these words, he and his companions prostrated themselves upon the earth, and, taking off their turbans, flung them down before them: then, while the rest continued with their foreheads bowed to the ground, Sarma arose, and stood upright before the throne. No words can describe the amazement of Akbar. He shrunk back and struck his hands together; then he frowned, and twisted his small and beautifully curled mustachios:—"The sons of Brahma mock us!" said he at length; "is it thus our imperial decrees are obeyed?"

"The laws of our faith are immutable," replied the old man, calmly, "and the contents of the Vedas were pre-ordained from the beginning of time to be revealed to the TWICE-BORN alone. It is sufficient, that therein are to be found the essence of all wisdom, the principles of all

virtue, and the means of acquiring immortality."

"Doubtless, the sons of Brahma are pre-eminently wise," said Akbar, sarcastically; "but are the followers of the Prophet accounted as fools in their eyes? The sons of Brahma are excellently virtuous, but are all the rest of mankind vicious? Has the most high God confined the knowledge of his attributes to the Brahmans alone, and hidden his face from the rest of his creatures? Where, then, is his justice? where his all-embracing mercy?"

The Brahman, folding his arms, replied: "It is written, Heaven is a palace with many doors, and every man shall enter by his own way. It is not given to mortals to examine or arraign the decrees of the Deity, but to hear and to obey. Let the will of the sultan be accomplished in all things else. In this let the God of all the earth judge between the king and his servants."

"Now, by the head of our Prophet! shall we be braved on our throne by these insolent and contumacious priests? Tortures shall force the seal from those lips!"

“Not so!” said the old Brahman, drawing himself up with a look of inexpressible dignity. “It is in the power of the Great King to deal with his slaves as seemeth good to him; but fortitude is the courage of the weak; and the twice-born sons of Brahma can suffer more in the cause of truth, than even the wrath of Akbar can inflict.”

At these words, which expressed at once submission and defiance, a general murmur arose in the assembly. The dense crowd became agitated as the waves of the Ganges just before the rising of the hurricane. Some opened their eyes wide with amazement at such audacity, some frowned with indignation, some looked on with contempt, others with pity. All awaited in fearful expectation, till the fury of the sultan should burst forth and consume these presumptuous offenders. But Akbar remained silent, and for some time played with the hilt of his poniard, half unsheathing it, and then forcing it back with an angry gesture. At length he motioned to his secretary to approach; and Abul Fazil, kneeling upon the silver steps of the throne, received the sultan's commands.

After a conference of some length, inaudible to the attendants around, Abul Fazil came forward, and announced the will of the sultan, that the durbar should be presently broken up. The deputies were severally dismissed with rich presents; all, except the Brahmans, who were commanded to remain in the quarter assigned to them during the royal pleasure, and a strong guard was placed over them.

Meantime Akbar withdrew to the private apartments of his palace, where he remained for three days inaccessible to all, except his secretary Abul Fazil, and the Christian monk. On the fourth day he sent for the high priest of Benares, and successively for the rest of the Brahmans, his companions; but it was in vain he tried threats and temptations, and all his arts of argument and persuasion. They remained calmly and passively immoveable. The sultan at length pardoned and dismissed them with many expressions of courtesy and admiration. The Brahman Sarma was distinguished among the rest by gifts of peculiar value and magnificence, and to him Akbar made a voluntary promise, that, during his reign, the

cruel tax, called the Kerea, which had hitherto been levied upon the poor Indians whenever they met to celebrate any of their religious festivals, should be abolished.

But all these professions were hollow and insidious. Akbar was not a character to be thus baffled; and assisted by the wily wit of Abul Fazil, and the bold intriguing monk, he had devised a secret and subtle expedient, which should at once gratify his curiosity, and avenge his insulted power.

Abul Fazil had an only brother, many years younger than himself, whom he had adopted as his son, and loved with extreme tenderness. He had intended him to tread, like himself, the intricate path of state policy; and with this view he had been carefully educated in all the learning of the East, and had made the most astonishing progress in every branch of science. Though scarcely past his boyhood, he had already been initiated into the intrigues of the court; above all, he had been brought up in sentiments of the most profound veneration and submission for the monarch he was destined to serve. In some respects Faizi

-resembled his brother : he possessed the same versatility of talents, the same acuteness of mind, the same predilection for literary and sedentary pursuits, the same insinuating melody of voice and fluent grace of speech ; but his ambition was of a nobler cast, and though his moral perceptions had been somewhat blunted by a too early acquaintance with court diplomacy, and an effeminate, though learned education, his mind and talents were decidedly of a higher order. He also excelled Abul Fazil in the graces of his person, having inherited from his mother (a Hindoo slave of surpassing loveliness) a figure of exquisite grace and symmetry, and features of most faultless and noble beauty.

Thus fitted by nature and prepared by art for the part he was to perform, this youth was secretly sent to Allahabad, where the deputies of the Brahmans rested for some days on their return to the Sacred City. Here Abul Fazil, with great appearance of mystery and circumspection, introduced himself to the chief priest, Sarma, and presented to him his youthful brother as the orphan son of the Brahman Mitra, a celebrated teacher of

astronomy in the court of the late sultan. Abul-Fazil had artfully prepared such documents, as left no doubt of the truth of his story. His pupil in treachery played his part to admiration, and the deception was complete and successful.

“It was the will of the Great King,” said the wily Abul Fazil, “that this fair youth should be brought up in his palace, and converted to the Moslem faith; but, bound by my vows to a dying friend, I have for fourteen years eluded the command of the sultan, and in placing him under thy protection, O most venerable Sarma! I have at length discharged my conscience, and fulfilled the last wishes of the Brahman Mitra. Peace be with him! If it seem good in thy sight, let this remain for ever a secret between me and thee. I have successfully thrown dust in the eyes of the sultan, and caused it to be reported, that the youth is dead of a sudden and grievous disease. Should he discover, that he has been deceived by his slave; should the truth reach his mighty ears, the head of Abul. Fazil would assuredly pay the forfeit of his disobedience.”

The old Brahman replied with many expressions

of gratitude and inviolable discretion ; and, wholly unsuspecting of the cruel artifice, received the youth with joy. He carried him to Benares, where some months afterwards he publicly adopted him as his son, and gave him the name of Govinda, " the Beloved," one of the titles under which the Indian women adore their beautiful and favourite idol, the god Crishna.

Govinda, so we must now call him, was set to study the sacred language, and the theology of the Brahmans as it is revealed in their Vedas and Sastras. In both he made quick and extraordinary progress ; and his singular talents did not more endear him to his preceptor, than his docility, and the pensive, and even melancholy sweetness of his temper and manner. His new duties were not unpleasing or unsuited to one of his indolent and contemplative temper. He possibly felt, at first, a holy horror at the pagan sacrifices, in which he was obliged to assist, and some reluctance to feeding consecrated cows, gathering flowers, cooking rice, and drawing water for offerings and libations : but by degrees he reconciled his conscience to these occupations, and became

attached to his Gooroo, and interested in his philosophical studies. He would have been happy, in short, but for certain uneasy sensations of fear and self-reproach, which he vainly endeavoured to forget or to reason down.

Abul Fazil, who dreaded not his indiscretion or his treachery, but his natural sense of rectitude, which had yielded reluctantly, even to the command of Akbar, maintained a constant intercourse with him by means of an intelligent mute, who, hovering in the vicinity of Benares, sometimes in the disguise of a fisherman, sometimes as a coolie, was a continual spy upon all his movements ; and once in every month, when the moon was in her dark quarter, Govinda met him secretly, and exchanged communications with his brother.

The Brahman Sarma was rich ; he was proud of his high caste, his spiritual office, and his learning ; he was of the tribe of Narayna, which for a thousand years had filled the offices of priesthood, without descending to any meaner occupation, or mingling blood with any inferior caste. He maintained habitually a cold, austere, and dignified calmness of demeanour ; and flat-

pale and transparent olive, was on the slightest emotion suffused with a tint, which resembled that of the crimson water-lily as seen through the tremulous wave; her lips were like the buds of the *Canàlata*, and unclosed to display a row of teeth like seed-pearl of *Manar*. But one of her principal charms, because peculiar and unequalled, was the beauty and redundance of her hair, which in colour and texture resembled black floss silk, and, when released from confinement, flowed downwards over her whole person like a veil, and swept the ground.

Such was *Amrà*: nor let it be supposed, that so perfect a form was allied to a merely passive and childish mind. It is on record, that, until the invasion of Hindostan by the barbarous Moguls, the Indian women enjoyed comparative freedom: it is only since the occupation of the country by the Europeans, that they have been kept in entire seclusion. A plurality of wives was discouraged by their laws; and, among some of the tribes of Brahmins, it was even forbidden. At the period of our story, that is, in the reign of Akbar, the Indian women, and more particularly

the Brahminees, enjoyed much liberty. They were well educated, and some of them, extraordinary as it may seem, distinguished themselves in war and government. The Indian queen Durgetti, whose history forms a conspicuous and interesting episode in the life of Akbar, defended her kingdom for ten years against one of his most valiant generals. Mounted upon an elephant of war, she led her armies in person ; fought several pitched battles ; and being at length defeated in a decisive engagement, she stabbed herself on the field, rather than submit to her barbarous conqueror. Nor was this a solitary instance of female heroism and mental energy : and the effect of this freedom, and the respect with which they were treated, appeared in the morals and manners of the women.

The gentle daughter of Sarma was not indeed fitted by nature either to lead or to govern, and certainly had never dreamed of doing either. Her figure, gestures, and movements, had that softness at once alluring and retiring, that indolent grace, that languid repose, common to the women of tropical regions.

“ All her affections like the dewa on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves ; as soft, as gentle.”

Her spirit, in its “ mildness, sweetness, blessedness,” seemed as flexible and unresisting as the tender Vasanta creeper. She had indeed been educated in all the exclusive pride of her caste, and taught to regard all who were not of the privileged race of Brahma as *frangi* (or impure ;) but this principle, though so early instilled into her mind as to have become a part of her nature, was rather passive than active ; it had never been called forth. She had never been brought into contact with those, whose very look she would have considered as pollution ; for she had no intercourse but with those of her own nation, and watchful and sustaining love were all around her. Her learned accomplishments extended no farther than to read and write the Hindostanee tongue. To tend and water her flowers, to feed her birds, which inhabited a gaily gilded aviary in her garden, to string pearls, to embroider muslin, were her employments ; to pay visits and receive them, to lie upon cushions, and be fanned asleep by her maids, or listen to the endless tales of her old

nurse, Gautami, whose memory was a vast treasure of traditional wonders—these were her amusements. That there were graver occupations, and dearer pleasures, proper to her sex, she knew ; but thought not of them, till the young Govinda came to disturb the peace of her innocent bosom. She had been told to regard him as a brother ; and, as she had never known a brother, she believed, that, in lavishing upon him all the glowing tenderness of her young heart, she was but obeying her father's commands. If her bosom fluttered when she heard his footsteps ; if she trembled upon the tones of his voice ; if, while he was occupied in the services of the temple, she sat in her veranda awaiting his return, and, the moment he appeared through the embowering acacias, a secret and unaccountable feeling made her breathe quick, and rise in haste and retire to her inner apartments, till he approached to pay the salutations due to the daughter of his preceptor ; what was it, what *could* it be, but the tender solicitude of a sister for a new-found brother ? But Govinda himself was not so entirely deceived. His boyhood had been passed in a luxurious court, and

among the women and slaves of his brother's harem ; and though so young, he was not wholly inexperienced in a passion, which is the too early growth of an eastern heart. He knew why he languished in the presence of his beautiful sister ; he could tell why the dark splendour of Amrā's eyes pierced his soul like the winged flames shot into a besieged city. He could guess, too, why those eyes kindled with a softer fire beneath his glance : but the love he felt was so chastened by the awe which her serene purity, and the dignity of her sweet and feminine bearing shed around her ; so hallowed by the nominal relationship in which they stood ; so different, in short, from any thing he had ever felt, or seen, or heard of, that, abandoned to all the sweet and dream-like enchantment of a boyish passion, Govinda was scarcely conscious of the wishes of his own heart, until accident in the same moment disclosed his secret aspirations to himself, and bade him for ever despair of their accomplishment.

On the last day of the dark half of the moon, it was the custom of the wise and venerable Sarma to bathe at sunset in the Ganges, and afterwards

retire to private meditation upon the thousand names of God, by the repetition of which, as it is written, a man insures to himself everlasting felicity. But while Sarma was thus absorbed in holy abstraction, where were Govinda and Amrà ?

In a spot fairer than the poet's creative pencil ever wrought into a picture for fancy to dwell on—where, at the extremity of the Brahman's garden, the broad and beautiful stream that bounded it ran swiftly to mingle its waves with those of the thrice-holy Ganges ; where mangoes raised their huge twisted roots in a thousand fantastic forms, while from their boughs hung suspended the nests of the little Baya birds, which waved to and fro in the evening breeze—there had Amrà and Govinda met together, it might be, without design. The sun had set, the Cistus flowers began to fall, and the rich blossoms of the night-loving Nilica diffused their rich odour. The Peyoo awoke to warble forth his song, and the fire-flies were just visible, as they flitted under the shade of the Champac trees. Upon a bank, covered with that soft and beautiful grass, which, whenever it is pressed or trodden on, yields a de-

licious perfume, were Amrà and Govinda seated side by side. Two of her attendants, at some little distance, were occupied in twining wreaths of flowers. Amrà had a basket at her feet, in which were two small vessels of porcelain. One contained cakes of rice, honey, and clarified butter, kneaded by her own hand ; in the other were mangoes, rose-apples, and musk-melons ; and garlands of the holy palàsa blossoms, sacred to the dead, were flung around the whole. This was the votive offering, which Amrà had prepared for the tomb of her mother, who was buried in the garden. And now, with her elbow resting on her knee, and her soft cheek leaning on her hand, she sat gazing up at the sky, where the stars came flashing forth one by one ; and she watched the auspicious moment for offering her pious oblation. But Govinda looked neither on the earth, nor on the sky. What to him were the stars, or the flowers, or the moon rising in dewy splendour ? His eyes were fixed upon one, who was brighter to him than the stars, lovelier than the moon when she drives her antelopes through the heavens, sweeter than the night-flower which opens in her beam.

“O Amrà!” he said, at length, and while he spoke his voice trembled even at its own tenderness, “Amrà! beautiful and beloved sister! thine eyes are filled with the glory of that sparkling firmament! the breath of the evening, which agitates the silky filaments of the Seris, is as pleasant to thee as to me: but the beauty, which I see, thou canst not see; the power of deep joy, which thrills over my heart like the breeze over those floating lotuses—oh! *this* thou canst not feel!—Let me take away those pearls and gems scattered among thy radiant tresses, and replace them with these fragrant and golden clusters of Champac flowers! If ever there were beauty, which could disdain the aid of ornament, is it not that of Amrà? If ever there were purity, truth, and goodness, which could defy the powers of evil, are they not thine? O, then, let others braid their hair with pearls, and bind round their arms the demon-scaring amulet, my sister needs no spells to guard her innocence, and cannot wear a gem that does not hide a charm!”

The blush, which the beginning of this passionate speech had called up to her cheek,

was changed to a smile, as she looked down upon the mystic circle of gold, which bound her arm.

“It is not a talisman,” said she, softly; “it is the Tali, the nuptial bracelet, which was bound upon my arm when I was married.”

“*Married!*” the word rent away from the heart of Govinda that veil, with which he had hitherto shrouded his secret hopes, fears, wishes, and affections. His mute agitation sent a trouble into her heart, she knew not why. She blushed quick-kindling blushes, and drooped her head.

“Married!” he said, after a breathless pause; “when? to whom? who is the possessor of a gem of such exceeding price, and yet forbears to claim it?”

She replied, “To Adhar, priest of Indore, and the friend of Sarma. I was married to him while yet an infant, after the manner of our tribe.” Then perceiving his increasing disturbance, she continued, hurriedly, and with downcast eyes:—
“I have never seen him; he has long dwelt in the countries of the south, whither he was called on an important mission; but he will soon return

to reside here in the sacred city of his fathers, and will leave it no more. Why then should Govinda be sad?" She laid her hand timidly upon his arm, and looked up in his face.

Govinda would fain have taken that beautiful little hand, and covered it with kisses and with tears; but he was restrained by a feeling of respect, which he could not himself comprehend. He feared to alarm her; he contented himself with fixing his eyes on the hand which rested on his arm; and he said, in a soft melancholy voice, "When Adhar returns, Govinda will be forgotten."

"O never! never!" she exclaimed with sudden emotion, and lifting towards him eyes, that floated in tears. Govinda bent down his head, and pressed his lips upon her hand. She withdrew it hastily, and rose from the ground.

At that moment her nurse, Gautami, approached them. "My child," said she, in a tone of reproof, "dost thou yet linger here, and the auspicious moment almost past? If thou delayest longer, evil demons will disturb and consume the pious oblation, and the dead will frown upon the

abandoned altar. Hasten, my daughter; take up the basket of offerings, and walk before us."

Amrà, trembling, leaned upon her maids, and prepared to obey; but when she had made a few steps, she turned back, as if to salute her brother, and repeated in a low emphatic tone the word "*Never!*"—then turned away. Govinda stood looking after the group, till the last wave of their white veils disappeared; and listened till the tinkling of their silver anklets could no longer be distinguished. Then he started as from a dream: he tossed his arms above his head; he flung himself upon the earth in an agony of jealous fury; he gave way to all the pent-up passions, which had been for years accumulating in his heart. All at once he rose: he walked to and fro; he stopped. A hope had darted into his mind, even through the gloom of despair. "For what," thought he, "have I sold myself? For riches! for honour! for power! Ah! what are they in such a moment? Dust of the earth, toys, empty breath! For what is the word of the Great King pledged to me? Has he not sworn to refuse me nothing? All that is most precious between earth and

heaven, from the mountain to the sea, lies at my choice! One word, and she is mine! and I hesitate? Fool! she *shall* be mine!"

He looked up towards heaven, and marked the places of the stars. "It is the appointed hour," he muttered, and cautiously his eye glanced around, and he listened; but all was solitary and silent. He then stole along the path, which led through a thick grove of Cadam trees, intermingled with the tall points of the Cusa grass, that shielded him from all observation. He came at last to a little promontory, where the river we have mentioned threw itself into the Ganges. He had not been there above a minute, when a low whistle, like the note of the Chacora, was heard. A small boat rowed to the shore, and Sahib stood before him. Quick of eye and apprehension, the mute perceived instantly that something unusual had occurred. He pointed to the skiff; but Govinda shook his head, and made signs for a light and the writing implements. They were quickly brought; and while Sahib held the lamp, so that its light was invisible to the opposite shore, Govinda wrote, in the peculiar

cipher they had framed for that purpose, a few words to his brother, sufficiently intelligible in their import, though dictated by the impassioned and tumultuous feelings of the moment. When he had finished, he gave the letter to Sahib, who concealed it carefully in the folds of his turban, and then, holding up the fingers of both hands thrice over, to intimate, that in thirty days he would bring the answer, he sprung into the boat, and was soon lost under the mighty shadow of the trees, which stretched their huge boughs over the stream.

Govinda slowly returned ; but he saw Amrà no more that night. They met the next day, and the next ; but Amrà was no longer the same : she was silent, pensive ; and when pressed or rebuked, she became tearful and even sullen. She was always seen with her faithful Gautami, upon whose arm she leaned droopingly, and hung her head like her own neglected flowers. Govinda was almost distracted : in vain he watched for a moment to speak to Amrà alone ; the vigilant Gautami seemed resolved, that they should never meet out of her sight. Sometimes he would raise his eyes to her

as she passed, with such a look of tender and sorrowful reproach, that Amrà would turn away her face and weep : but still she spoke not : and never returned his respectful salutation farther than by inclining her head.

The old Brahman perceived this change in his beloved daughter ; but not for some time : and it is probable, that, being absorbed in his spiritual office and sublime speculations, he would have had neither leisure nor penetration to discover the cause, if the suspicions of the careful Gautami had not awakened his attention. She ventured to suggest the propriety of hastening the return of his daughter's betrothed husband ; and the Brahman, having taken her advice in this particular, rested satisfied ; persuading himself, that the arrival of Adhar would be a certain and all-sufficient remedy for the dreaded evil, which in his simplicity he had never contemplated, and could scarcely be made to comprehend.

A month had thus passed away, and again that appointed day came round, on which Govinda was wont to meet his brother's emissary : even on ordinary occasions he could never anticipate it without a

thrill of anxiety,—now every feeling was wrought up to agony ; yet it was necessary to control the slightest sign of impatience, and wear the same external guise of calm, subdued self-possession, though every vein was burning with the fever of suspense.

It was the hour when Sarma, having risen from his mid-day sleep, was accustomed to listen to Govinda while he read some appointed text. Accordingly Govinda opened his book, and standing before his preceptor in an attitude of profound humility, he read thus :

“ Garuna asked of the Crow Bushanda, ‘ What is the most excellent of natural forms ? the highest good ? the chief pain ? the dearest pleasure ? the greatest wickedness ? the severest punishment ?

“ And the Crow Bushanda answered him : ‘ In the three worlds, empyreal, terrestrial, and infernal, no form excels the human form.

“ ‘ Supreme felicity, on earth, is found in the conversation of a virtuous friend.

“ ‘ The keenest pain is inflicted by extreme poverty

“ ‘ The worst of sins is uncharitableness ; and

to the uncharitable is awarded the severest punishment: for while the despisers of their spiritual guides shall live for a thousand centuries as frogs, and those who condemn the Brahmans as ravens, and those who scorn other men as blinking bats, the uncharitable alone shall be condemned to the profoundest hell, and their punishment shall last for ever.' " *

Govinda closed his book ; and the old Brahman was proceeding to make an elaborate comment on this venerable text, when, looking up in the face of his pupil, he perceived that he was pale, abstracted, and apparently unconscious that he was speaking. He stopped : he was about to rebuke him, but he restrained himself ; and after reflecting for a few moments, he commanded the youth to prepare for the evening sacrifice : but first he desired him to summon Amrà to her father's presence.

At this unusual command Govinda almost started. He deposited the sacred leaves in his bosom, and, with a beating heart and trembling steps, prepared to obey. When he reached the door of

* *Vide the Heetopadessa.*

the zenana, he gently lifted the silken curtain which divided the apartments, and stood for a few moments contemplating, with silent and sad delight, the group that met his view.

Amrà was reclining upon cushions, and looking wan as a star that fades away before the dawn. Her head drooped upon her bosom, her hair hung neglected upon her shoulders: yet was she lovely still; and Govinda, while he gazed, remembered the words of the poet Calidas: "The water-lily, though dark moss may settle on its head, is nevertheless beautiful; and the moon, with dewy beams, is rendered yet brighter by its dark spots." She was clasping round her delicate wrist a bracelet of gems; and when she observed, that ever as she placed it on her attenuated arm it fell again upon her hand, she shook her head and smiled mournfully. Two of her maids sat at her feet, occupied in their embroidery; and old Gautami, at her side, was relating, in a slow, monotonous recitative, one of her thousand tales of wonder, to divert the melancholy of her young mistress. She told how the demi-god Rama was forced to flee from the demons who had usurped his throne, and how his

beautiful and faithful Seita wandered over the whole earth in search of her consort; and, being at length overcome with grief and fatigue, she sat down in the pathless wilderness and wept; and how there arose from the spot, where her tears sank warm into the earth, a fountain of boiling water of exquisite clearness and wondrous virtues; and how maidens, who make a pilgrimage to this sacred well and dip their veils into its wave with pure devotion, ensure themselves the utmost felicity in marriage: thus the story ran. Amrà, who appeared at first abstracted and inattentive, began to be affected by the misfortunes and the love of the beautiful Seita; and at the mention of the fountain and its virtues, she lifted her eyes with an expression of eager interest, and met those of Govinda fixed upon her. She uttered a faint cry, and threw herself into the arms of Gautami. He hastened to deliver the commands of his preceptor, and then Amrà, recovering her self-possession, threw her veil round her, arose, and followed him to her father's presence.

As they drew near together, the old man looked from one to the other. Perhaps his heart, though



dead to all human passions, felt at that moment a touch of pity for the youthful, lovely, and loving pair who stood before him ; but his look was calm, cold, and serene, as usual.

“ Draw near, my son,” he said ; “ and thou, my beloved daughter, approach, and listen to the will of your father. The time is come, when we must make ready all things for the arrival of the wise and honoured Adhar. My daughter, let those pious ceremonies, with which virtuous women prepare themselves ere they enter the dwelling of their husband, be duly performed : and do thou, Govinda, son of my choice, set my household in order, that all may be in readiness to receive with honour the bridegroom, who comes to claim his betrothed. To-morrow we will sacrifice to Ganesa, who is the guardian of travellers : this night must be given to penance and holy meditation. Amrà, retire : and thou, Govinda, take up that fagot of Tulsi-wood, with the rice and the flowers for the evening oblation, and follow me to the temple.” So saying, the old man turned away hastily ; and without looking back, pursued his path through the sacred grove.

Alas for those he had left behind ! Govinda remained silent and motionless. Amrà would have obeyed her father, but her limbs refused their office. She trembled—she was sinking : she timidly looked up to Govinda as if for support ; his arms were extended to receive her : she fell upon his neck, and wept unrestrained tears. He held her to his bosom as though he would have folded her into his inmost heart, and hidden her there for ever. He murmured passionate words of transport and fondness in her ear. He drew aside her veil from her pale brow, and ventured to print a kiss upon her closed eyelids. “ To-night,” he whispered, “ in the grove of mangoes by the river’s bank !” She answered only by a mute caress ; and then supporting her steps to her own apartments, he resigned her to the arms of her attendants, and hastened after his preceptor. He forgot, however, the materials for the evening sacrifice, and in consequence not only had to suffer a severe rebuke from the old priest, but the infliction of a penance extraordinary, which detained him in the presence of his preceptor till the night was far advanced. At length, however, Sarma

retired to holy meditation and mental abstraction, and Govinda was dismissed.

He had hitherto maintained, with habitual and determined self-command, that calm, subdued exterior, which becomes a pupil in the presence of his religious teacher; but no sooner had he crossed the threshold, and found himself alone breathing the free night-air of heaven, than the smothered passions burst forth. He paused for one instant, to anathematise in his soul the Sastras and their contents, the gods and their temples, the priests and the sacrifices; the futile ceremonies and profitless suffering to which his life was abandoned, and the cruel policy to which he had been made an unwilling victim. Then he thought of Amrà, and all things connected with her changed their aspect.

In another moment he was beneath the shadow of the mangoes on the river's brink. He looked round, Amrà was not there: he listened, there was no sound. The grass bore marks of having been recently pressed, and still its perfume floated on the air. A few flowers were scattered round, fresh gathered, and glittering with dew. Govinda wrung his hands in despair, and flung himself upon

the bank, where a month before they had sat together. On the very spot where Amrà had reclined, he perceived a lotos-leaf and a palasa flower laid together. Upon the lotos-leaf he could perceive written, with a thorn or some sharp point, the word AMRA; and the crimson palasa-buds were sacred to the dead. It was sufficient: he thrust the leaf and the flowers into his bosom; and, "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," he flew along the path which led to the garden sepulchre.

The mother of Amrà had died in giving birth to her only child. She was young, beautiful, and virtuous; and had lived happily with her husband notwithstanding the disparity of age. The pride and stoicism of his caste would not allow him to betray any violence of grief, or show his affection for the dead, otherwise than by raising to her memory a beautiful tomb. It consisted of four light pillars, richly and grotesquely carved, supporting a pointed cupola, beneath which was an altar for oblations: the whole was overlaid with brilliant white stucco, and glittered through the gloom. A flight of steps led up to this edifice:

upon the highest step, and at the foot of the altar, Amrà was seated alone and weeping.

Love—O love! what have I to do with thee? How sinks the heart, how trembles the hand as it approaches the forbidden theme! Of all the gifts the gods have sent upon the earth thou most precious—yet ever most fatal! As serpents dwell among the odorous boughs of the sandal-tree, and alligators in the thrice sacred waters of the Ganges, so all that is sweetest, holiest, dearest upon earth, is mixed up with sin, and pain, and misery, and evil! Thus hath it been ordained from the beginning; and the love that hath never mourned, is not love.

How sweet, yet how terrible, were the moments that succeeded! While Govinda, with fervid eloquence, poured out his whole soul at her feet, Amrà alternately melted with tenderness, or shrunk with sensitive alarm. When he darkly intimated the irresistible power he possessed to overcome all obstacles to their union—when he spoke with certainty of the time when she should be his, spite of the world and men—when he described the glorious

height to which his love would elevate her—the delights and the treasures he would lavish around her, she, indeed, understood not his words; yet, with all a woman's trusting faith in him she loves, she hung upon his accents—listened and believed. The high and passionate energy, with which his spirit, so long pent up and crushed within him, now revealed itself; the consciousness of his own power, the knowledge that he was beloved, lent such a new and strange expression to his whole aspect, and touched his fine form and features with such a proud and sparkling beauty, that Amrà looked up at him with a mixture of astonishment, admiration, and deep love, not wholly unmingled with fear; almost believing, that she gazed upon some more than mortal lover, upon one of those bright genii, who inhabit the lower heaven, and have been known in the old time to leave their celestial haunts for love of the earth-born daughters of beauty.

Amrà did not speak, but Govinda felt his power. He saw his advantage, and, with the instinctive subtlety of his sex, he pursued it. He sighed, he wept, he implored, he upbraided.

Amrà, overpowered by his emotion and her own, had turned away her head, and embraced one of the pillars of her mother's tomb, as if for protection. In accents of the most plaintive tenderness she entreated him to leave her—to spare her—and even while she spoke her arm relaxed its hold, and she was yielding to the gentle force with which he endeavoured to draw her away ; when at this moment, so dangerous to both, a startling sound was heard—a rustling among the bushes, and then a soft, low whistle. Govinda started up at that well-known signal, and saw the head of the mute appearing just above the altar. His turban being green, was undistinguishable against the leafy back-ground ; and his small black eyes glanced and glittered like those of a snake. Govinda would willingly have annihilated him at that moment. He made a gesture of angry impatience, and motioned him to retire ; but Sahib stood still, shook his hand with a threatening expression, and made signs, that he must instantly follow him.

Amrà, meantime, who had neither seen nor heard any thing, began to suspect, that Govinda was communing with some invisible spirit ; she

clung to him in terror, and endeavoured to recall his attention to herself by the most tender and soothing words and caresses. After some time he succeeded in calming her fears ; and with a thousand promises of quick return, he at length tore himself away, and followed through the thicket the form of Sahib, who glided like a shadow before him.

When they reached the accustomed spot, the mute leapt into the canoe, which he had made fast to the root of a mango-tree, and motioning Govinda to follow him, he pushed from the shore, and rowed rapidly till they reached a tall, bare rock near the centre of the stream, beneath the dark shadow of which Sahib moored his little boat, out of the possible reach of human eye or ear.

All had passed so quickly, that Govinda felt like one in a dream ; but now, awakening to a sense of his situation, he held out his hand for the expected letter from his brother, trembling to learn its import, upon which he felt that more than his life depended. Sahib, meanwhile, did not appear in haste to obey. At length, after a pause of

breathless suspense, Govinda heard a low and well-remembered voice repeat an almost-forgotten name: "Faizi!" it said.

"O Prophet of God! my brother!" and he was clasped in the arms of Abul Fazil.

After the first transports of recognition had subsided, Faizi (it is time to use his real name) sank from his brother's arms to his feet: he clasped his knees. "My brother!" he exclaimed, "what is now to be my fate? You have not lightly assumed this disguise, and braved the danger of discovery! You know all, and have come to save me—to bless me? Is it not so?"

Abul Fazil could not see his brother's uplifted countenance, flushed with the hectic of feverish impatience, or his imploring eyes, that floated in tears; but his tones were sufficiently expressive.

"Poor boy!" he said, compassionately, "I should have foreseen this. But calm these transports, my brother! nothing is denied to the sultan's power, and nothing will he deny thee."

"He knows all, then?"

"All—and by his command am I come. I had

feared, that my brother had sold his vowed obedience for the smile of a dark-eyed girl—what shall I say?—I feared for his safety!”

“O my brother! there is no cause!”

“I know it—enough!—I have seen and heard!”

Faizi covered his face with his hands.

“If the sultan——”

“Have no doubts,” said Abul Fazil: “nothing is denied to the sultan’s power, nothing will be denied to thee.”

“And the Brahman Adhar?”

“It has been looked to—he will not trouble thee.”

“Dead? O merciful Allah! crime upon crime!”

“His life is cared for,” said Abul Fazil, calmly: “ask no more.”

“It is sufficient. O my brother! O Amrà!”—

“She is thine!—Now hear the will of Akbar.”

Faizi bowed his head with submission. “Speak!” he said; “the slave of Akbar listens.”

“In three months from this time,” continued Abul Fazil, “and on this appointed night, it will

be dark, and the pagodas deserted. Then, and not till then, will Sahib be found at the accustomed spot. He will bring in the skiff a dress, which is the sultan's gift, and will be a sufficient disguise. On the left bank of the stream there shall be stationed an ample guard, with a close litter and a swift Arabian. Thou shalt mount the one, and in the other shall be placed this fair girl. Then fly: having first flung her veil upon the river to beguile pursuit; the rest I leave to thine own quick wit. But let all be done with secrecy and subtlety; for the sultan, though he can refuse thee nothing, would not willingly commit an open wrong against a people he has lately conciliated; and the violation of a Brahminee woman were enough to raise a province."

"It shall not need," exclaimed the youth, clasping his hands: "she loves me! She shall live for me—only for me—while others weep her dead!"

"It is well: now return we in silence, the night wears fast away." He took one of the oars, Faizi seized the other, and with some difficulty they rowed up the stream, keeping close under

the overshadowing banks. Having reached the little promontory, they parted with a strict and mute embrace.

Faizi looked for a moment after his brother, then sprung forward to the spot where he had left Amrà; but she was no longer there: apparently she had been recalled by her nurse to her own apartments, and did not again make her appearance.

Three months more completed the five years which had been allotted for Govinda's Brahminical studies; they passed but too rapidly away. During this time the Brahman Adar did not arrive, nor was his name again uttered: and Amrà, restored to health, was more than ever tender and beautiful, and more than ever beloved.

The old Brahman, who had hitherto maintained towards his pupil and adopted son a cold and distant demeanour, now relaxed from his accustomed austerity, and when he addressed him it was in a tone of mildness, and even tenderness. Alas for Govinda! every proof of this newly-awakened affection pierced his heart with unavailing remorse. He had lived long enough among the Brahmans,

to anticipate with terror the effects of his treachery, when once discovered ; but he repelled such obtrusive images, and resolutely shut his eyes against a future, which he could neither control nor avert. He tried to persuade himself, that it was now too late ; that the stoical indifference to all earthly evil, passion, and suffering, which the Pundit Sa-ma taught and practised, would sufficiently arm him against the double blow preparing for him. Yet, as the hour approached, the fever of suspense consumed his heart. Contrary passions distracted and bewildered him : his ideas of right and wrong became fearfully perplexed. He would have given the treasures of Istakar to arrest the swift progress of time. He felt like one entangled in the wheels of some vast machine, and giddily and irresistibly whirled along he knew not how nor whither.

At length the day arrived : the morning broke forth in all that splendour with which she descends upon " the Indian steep." Govinda prepared for the early sacrifice, the last he was to perform. In spite of the heaviness and confusion which reigned in his own mind, he could perceive

that something unusual occupied the thoughts of his preceptor : some emotion of a pleasurable kind had smoothed the old man's brow. His voice was softened ; and though his lips were compressed, almost a smile lighted up his eyes, when he turned them on Govinda. The sacrifice was one of unusual pomp and solemnity, in honour of the goddess Parvati, and lasted till the sun's decline. When they returned to the dwelling of Sarma he dismissed his pupils from their learned exercises, desiring them to make that day a day of rest and recreation, as if it were the festival of Sri, the goddess of learning, when books, pens, and paper, being honoured as her emblems, remain untouched, and her votaries enjoy a sabbath. When they were departed, the old Brahman commanded Govinda to seat himself on the ground opposite to him. This being the first time he had ever sat in the presence of his preceptor, the young man hesitated ; but Sarma motioned him to obey, and accordingly he sat down at a respectful distance, keeping his eyes reverently cast upon the ground. The old man then spoke these words :

“ It is now five years since the son of Mitra

entered my dwelling. He was then but a child, helpless, orphaned, ignorant of all true knowledge; expelled from the faith of his fathers and the privileges of his high caste. I took him to my heart with joy, I fed him, I clothed him, I opened his mind to truth, I poured into his soul the light of knowledge: he became to me a son. If in any thing I have omitted the duty of a father towards him, if ever I refused to him the wish of his heart or the desire of his eyes, let him now speak!"

"O my father!"—

"No more," said the Brahman, gently, "I am answered in that one word; but all that I have yet done seems as nothing in mine eyes: for the love I bear my son is wide as the wide earth, and my bounty shall be as the boundless firmament. Know that I have read thy soul! Start not! I have received letters from the south country. Amrà is no longer the wife of Adhar; for Adhar has vowed himself to a life of penance and celibacy in the temple of Indore, by order of an offended prince;—may he find peace! The writings of divorce are drawn up, and my daughter being

already past the age when a prudent father hastens to marry his child, in order that the souls of the dead may be duly honoured by their posterity, I have sought for her a husband, such as a parent might desire; learned in the sciences, graced with every virtue; of unblemished life, of unmixed caste, and rich in the goods of this world."

The Brahman stopped short. Faizi, breathing with difficulty, felt his blood pause at his heart.

"My son!" continued the old man, "I have not coveted possessions or riches, but the gods have blessed me with prosperity; be they praised for their gifts! Look around upon this fair dwelling, upon those fertile lands, which spread far and wide, a goodly prospect; and the herds that feed on them, and the bondsmen who cultivate them; with silver and gold, and garments, and rich stores heaped up, more than I can count—all these do I give thee freely: possess them! and with them I give thee a greater gift, and one that I well believe is richer and dearer in thine eyes—my daughter, my last and best treasure! Thus do I resign all worldly cares, devoting myself henceforth solely to pious duties and religious

meditation : for the few days he has to live, let the old man repose upon thy love ! A little water, a little rice, a roof to shelter him, these thou shalt bestow—he asks no more.”

The Brahman's voice faltered. He rose, and Govinda stood up, trembling in every nerve. The old priest then laid his hand solemnly upon his bowed head and blessed him. “My son ! to me far better than many sons, be thou blest as thou hast blessed me ! The just gods requite thee with full measure all thou hast done ! May the wife I bestow on thee bring to thy bosom all the felicity thou broughtest to me and mine, and thy last hours be calm and bright, as those thy love has prepared for me !”

“Ah, curse me not !” exclaimed Govinda, with a cry of horror ; for in the anguish of that moment he felt as if the bitter malediction, thus unconsciously pronounced, was already fulfilling. He flung himself upon the earth in an agony of self-humiliation ; he crawled to the feet of his preceptor, he kissed them, he clasped his knees. In broken words he revealed himself, and confessed the treacherous artifice of which he was at

once the instrument and the victim. The Brahman stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the words spoken. At length he seemed to awaken to the sense of what he heard, and trembled from head to foot with an exceeding horror; but he uttered no word of reproach: and after a pause, he suddenly drew the sacrificial poinard from his girdle, and would have plunged it into his own bosom, if Faizi had not arrested his arm, and without difficulty snatched the weapon from his shaking and powerless grasp.

"If yet there be mercy for me," he exclaimed, "add not to my crimes this worst of all—make me not a sacrilegious murderer! Here," he added, kneeling, and opening his bosom, "strike! satisfy at once a just vengeance, and end all fears in the blood of an abhorred betrayer! Strike, ere it be too late!"

The old man twice raised his hand, but it was without strength. He dropped the knife, and folding his arms, and sinking his head upon his bosom, he remained silent.

"O yet!" exclaimed Faizi, lifting with reverence the hem of his robe and pressing it to his

lips, "if there remain a hope for me, tell me by what penance—terrible, prolonged, and unheard-of—I may expiate this sin; and hear me swear, that, henceforth, neither temptation, nor torture, nor death itself, shall force me to reveal the secrets of the Brahmin faith, nor divulge the holy characters in which they are written: and if I break this vow, may I perish from off the earth like a dog!"

The Brahman clasped his hands, and turned his eyes for a moment on the imploring countenance of the youth, but averted them instantly with a shudder.

"What have I to do with thee," he said, at length, "thou serpent! Well is it written—'Though the upas-tree were watered with nectar from heaven instead of dew, yet would it bear poison.' Yet swear—"

"I do—I will—"

"Never to behold my face again, nor utter with those guileful and polluted lips the name of my daughter."

"My father!"

"Father!" repeated the old man, with a flash

of indignation, but it was instantly subdued. "Swear!" he repeated, "if vows can bind a thing so vile!"

"My father, I embrace thy knees! Not heaven itself can annul the past, and Amrà is mine beyond the power of fate or vengeance to disunite us—but by death!"

"Hah!" said the Brahman, stepping back, "it is then as I feared! and this is well too!"—he muttered; "Heaven required a victim!"

He moved slowly to the door, and called his daughter with a loud voice: Amrà heard and trembled in the recesses of her apartments. The voice was her father's, but the tones of that voice made her soul sicken with fear; and, drawing her drapery round to conceal that alteration in her lovely form which was but too apparent, she came forth with faltering steps.

"Approach!" said the Brahman, fixing his eyes upon her, while those of Faizi, after the first eager glance, remained rivetted to the earth. She drew near with affright, and gazed wildly from one to the other.

“ Ay ! look well upon him ! whom dost thou behold ? ”

“ My father !—Ah ! spare me ! ”

“ Is he your husband ? ”

“ Govinda ! alas !—speak for us ! ”—

“ Fool ! ”—he grasped her supplicating hands, —

“ say but the word—are you a wife ? ”

“ I am ! I am ! *his*, before the face of Heaven ! ”

“ No ! ”—he dropped her hands, and spoke in a rapid and broken voice : “ No ! Heaven disclaims the monstrous mixture ! hell itself rejects it ! Had he been the meanest among the sons of Brahma, I had borne it : but an Infidel, a base-born Moslem, has contaminated the stream of my life ! Accursed was the hour when he came beneath my roof, like a treacherous fox and a ravening wolf, to betray and to destroy ! Accursed was the hour, which mingled the blood of Narayna with that of the son of a slave-girl ! Shall I live to look upon a race of outcasts, abhorred on earth and excommunicate from heaven, and say, ‘ These are the offspring of Sarma ? ’ Miserable girl ! thou wert preordained a sacrifice ! Die ! and thine infamy perish with

thee!" Even while he spoke he snatched up the poniard which lay at his feet, but this he needed not—the blow was already struck home, and to her very heart. Before the vengeful steel could reach her, she fell, without a cry—a groan—senseless, and, as it seemed, lifeless, upon the earth.

Faizi, almost with a shriek, sprang forward; but the old man interposed: and, with the strong grasp of supernatural strength—the strength of despair—held him back. Meantime the women, alarmed by his cries, rushed wildly in, and bore away in their arms the insensible form of Amrà. Faizi strove to follow; but, at a sign from the Brahman, the door was quickly closed and fastened within, so that it resisted all his efforts to force it. He turned almost fiercely—"She will yet live!" he passionately exclaimed; and the Brahman replied, calmly and disdainfully, "If she be the daughter of Sarma, she will die!" Then rending his garments, and tearing off his turban, he sat down upon the sacrificial hearth; and taking up dust and ashes, scattered them on his bare head and flowing beard: he then remained motionless,

with his chin upon his bosom, and his arms crossed upon his knees. In vain did Faizi kneel before him, and weep, and supplicate for one word, one look : he was apparently lost to all consciousness, rigid, torpid ; and, but that he breathed, and that there was at times a convulsive movement in his eyelids, it might have been thought, that life itself was suspended, or had altogether ceased.

Thus did this long and most miserable day wear away, and night came on. Faizi—who had spent the hours in walking to and fro like a troubled demon, now listening at the door of the zenana, from which no sound proceeded, now endeavouring in vain to win, by the most earnest entreaties, some sign of life or recognition from the old man—could no longer endure the horror of his own sensations. He stepped into the open air, and leaned his head against the porch. The breeze, which blew freshly against his parched lips and throbbing temples, revived his faculties. After a few moments he thought he could distinguish voices, and the trampling of men and horses, borne on the night air. He raised his hands in ecstasy. Again he bent his ear to listen : he heard the splash of

an oar. "They come!" he exclaimed, almost aloud, "one more plunge, and it is done! This hapless and distracted old man I will save from his own and other's fury, and still be to him a son, in his own despite. And, Amrà! my own! my beautiful! my beloved! oh, how richly shall the future atone for these hours of anguish! In these arms the cruel pride and prejudices of thy race shall be forgotten. At thy feet I will pour the treasures of the world, and lift thee to joys beyond the brightest visions of youthful fancy! But—O merciful Allah!"—

At the same moment a long, loud, and piercing shriek was heard from the women's apartments, followed by lamentable wailings. He made but one bound to the door. It resisted, but his despair was strong. He rushed against it with a force, that burst it from its hinges, and precipitated him into the midst of the chamber. It was empty and dark; so was the next, and the next. At last he reached the inner and most sacred apartment. He beheld the lifeless form of Amrà extended on the ground. Over her face was thrown an embroidered veil: her head rested on the lap of her nurse,

whose features appeared rigid with horror. The rest of the women, who were weeping and wailing, covered their heads, and fled at his approach. Faizi called upon the name of her he loved: he snatched the veil from that once lovely face—that face which had never been revealed to him but in tender and soul-beaming beauty. He looked, and fell senseless on the floor.

The unhappy Amrà, in recovering from her long swoon, had fallen into a stupor, which her attendants mistook for slumber, and left her for a short interval. She awoke, wretched girl! alone, she awoke to the sudden and maddening sense of her lost state, to all the pangs of outraged love, violated faith, shame, anguish, and despair. In a paroxysm of delirium, when none were near to soothe or to save, she had made her own luxuriant and beautiful tresses the instrument of her destruction, and choked herself by swallowing her hair.

When the emissaries of the sultan entered this house of desolation, they found Faizi still insensible at the side of her he had so loved. He was borne away before recollection returned, placed in the litter which had been prepared for Amrà, and

carried to Ferrukabad, where the sultan was then hunting with his whole court. What became of the old Brahman is not known. He passed away like a shadow from the earth, "and his place knew him not." Whether he sought a voluntary death, or wore away his remaining years in secret penance, can only be conjectured, for all search was vain.

Eastern records tell, that Faizi kept his promise sacred, and never revealed the mysteries intrusted to him. Yet he retained the favour of Akbar, by whose command he translated from the Sanscrit tongue several poetical and historical works into the choicest Persian. He became himself an illustrious poet; and, like other poets of greater fame, created "an immortality of his tears." He acquired the title of *Sheich*, or "the learned," and rose to the highest civil offices of the empire. All outward renown, prosperity, and fame, were his; but there was, at least, retributive justice in his early and tragical death.

Towards the conclusion of Akbar's reign, Abul Fazil was sent upon a secret mission into the Deccan, and Faizi accompanied him. The favour which these celebrated brothers enjoyed at court,

their influence over the mind of the sultan, and their entire union, had long excited the jealousy of Prince Selim,* the eldest son of Akbar, and he had vowed their destruction. On their return from the south, with a small escort, they were attacked by a numerous band of assassins, disguised as robbers, and both perished. Faizi was found lying upon the body of Abul Fazil, whom he had bravely defended to the last. The death of these illustrious brothers was lamented, not only within the bounds of the empire, but through all the kingdoms of the East, whither their fame had extended; and by the sultan's command they were interred together, and with extraordinary pomp. One incident only remains to be added. When the bodies were stripped for burial, there was found within the inner vest of the Sheikh Faizi, and close to his heart, a withered Lotus leaf inscribed with certain characters. So great was the fame of the dead for wisdom, learning, and devotion, that it was supposed to be a talisman endued with extraordinary virtues, and immediately transmitted to the sultan. Akbar considered the relic with

* Afterwards the Emperor Jehangire.

surprise. It was nothing but a simple Lotus leaf, faded, shrivelled, and stained with blood ; but on examining it more closely, he could trace, in ill-formed and scarcely legible Indian letters, the word **AMEA**.

And when Akbar looked upon this tender memorial of a hapless love, and undying sorrow, his great heart melted within him, and he wept.

HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.



HALLOREN THE PEDLAR.*

"It grieves me," said an eminent poet once to me, "it grieves and humbles me to reflect how much our moral nature is in the power of circumstances. Our best faculties would remain unknown even to ourselves did not the influences of external excitement call them forth like animalculæ, which lie torpid till awakened into life by the transient sunbeam."

This is generally true. How many walk through the beaten paths of every-day life, who but for the

* This little tale was written in March, 1826, and in the hands of the publishers long before the appearance of Bainim's novel of "The Nowlans," which contains a similar incident, probably founded on the same fact.

novelist's page would never weep or wonder ; and who would know nothing of the passions but as they are represented in some tragedy or stage piece ? not that they are incapable of high resolve and energy ; but because the finer qualities have never been called forth by imperious circumstances ; for while the wheels of existence roll smoothly along, the soul will continue to slumber in her vehicle like a lazy traveller. But for the French revolution, how many hundreds—*thousands*—whose courage, fortitude, and devotedness have sanctified their names, would have frittered away a frivolous, useless, or vicious life in the saloons of Paris ! We have heard of death in its most revolting forms braved by delicate females, who would have screamed at the sight of the most insignificant reptile or insect ; and men cheerfully toiling at mechanic trades for bread, who had lounged away the best years of their lives at the toilettes of their mistresses. We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes ;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.

The power of outward circumstances suddenly to awaken dormant faculties—the extraordinary influence which the mere instinct of self-preservation can exert over the mind, and the triumph of *mind* thus excited over physical weakness, were never more truly exemplified than in the story of HALLORAN THE PEDLAR.

The real circumstances of this singular case, differing essentially from the garbled and incorrect account which appeared in the newspapers some years ago, came to my knowledge in the following simple manner. My cousin George C * * *, an Irish barrister of some standing, lately succeeded to his family estates by the death of a near relative; and no sooner did he find himself in possession of independence than, abjuring the bar, where, after twenty years of hard struggling, he was just beginning to make a figure, he set off on a tour through Italy and Greece, to forget the wrangling of courts, the contumely of attornies, and the impatience of clients. He left in my hands a mass of papers, to burn or not, as I might feel inclined: and truly the contents of his desk were no bad illustration of

the character and pursuits of its owner. Here I found abstracts of cases, and on their backs copies of verses, sketches of scenery, and numerous caricatures of judges, jurymen, witnesses, and his brethren of the bar—a bundle of old briefs, and the beginnings of two tragedies; with a long list of Lord N——’s best jokes to serve his purposes as occasion might best offer. Among these heterogeneous and confused articles were a number of scraps carefully pinned together, containing notes on a certain trial, the first in which he had been retained as counsel for the crown. The intense interest with which I perused these documents, suggested the plan of throwing the whole into a connected form, and here it is for the reader’s benefit.

In a little village to the south of Clonmell lived a poor peasant named Michael, or as it was there pronounced Mickle Reilly. He was a labourer renting a cabin and a plot of potatoe-ground; and, on the strength of these possessions, a robust frame which feared no fatigue, and a sanguine mind which dreaded no reverse, Reilly paid his addresses to Cathleen Bray, a young girl of his

own parish, and they were married. Reilly was able, skilful, and industrious; Cathleen was the best spinner in the county, and had constant sale for her work at Clonmell: they wanted nothing; and for the first year, as Cathleen said, "There wasn't upon the blessed earth two happier souls than themselves, for Mick was the best boy in the world, and hadn't a fault to *spake* of—barring he took a drop now and then; an' why wouldn't he?" But as it happened, poor Reilly's love of "*the drop*" was the beginning of all their misfortunes. In an evil hour he went to the Fair of Clonmell to sell a dozen hanks of yarn of his wife's spinning, and a fat pig, the produce of which was to pay half a year's rent, and add to their little comforts. Here he met with a jovial companion, who took him into a booth, and treated him to sundry potations of whiskey; and while in his company his pocket was picked of the money he had just received, and something more; in short, of all he possessed in the world. At that luckless moment, while maddened by his loss and heated with liquor, he fell into the company of a recruiting serjeant. The many-coloured and gaily fluttering cockade

in the soldier's cap shone like a rainbow of hope and promise before the drunken eyes of Mickle Reilly, and ere morning he was enlisted into a regiment under orders for embarkation, and instantly sent off to Cork.

Distracted by the ruin he had brought upon himself, and his wife, (whom he loved a thousand times better than himself,) poor Reilly sent a friend to inform Cathleen of his mischance, and to assure her that on a certain day, in a week from that time, a letter would await her at the Clonmell post-office: the same friend was commissioned to deliver her his silver watch, and a guinea out of his bounty-money. Poor Cathleen turned from the gold with horror, as the price of her husband's blood, and vowed that nothing on earth should induce her to touch it. She was not a good calculator of time and distance, and therefore rather surprised that so long a time must elapse before his letter arrived. On the appointed day she was too impatient to wait the arrival of the carrier, but set off to Clonmell herself, a distance of ten miles: there, at the post-office, she duly found the promised letter; but it was not till she had it in

her possession that she remembered she could not read: she had therefore to hasten back to consult her friend Nancy, the schoolmaster's daughter, and the best scholar in the village. Reilly's letter, on being deciphered with some difficulty even by the learned Nancy, was found to contain much of sorrow, much of repentance, and yet more of affection: he assured her that he was far better off than he had expected or deserved; that the embarkation of the regiment to which he belonged was delayed for three weeks, and entreated her, if she could forgive him, to follow him to Cork without delay, that they might "part in love and kindness, and then come what might, he would demane himself like a man, and die asy," which he assured her he could not do without embracing her once more.

Cathleen listened to her husband's letter with clasped hands and drawn breath, but quiet in her nature, she gave no other signs of emotion than a few large tears which trickled slowly down her cheeks. "And will I see him again?" she exclaimed; "poor fellow! poor boy! I knew the heart of him was sore for me! and who knows,

Nancy dear, but they'll let me go out with him to the foreign parts? Oh! sure they wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to part man and wife that way!"

After a hurried consultation with her neighbours, who sympathised with her as only the poor sympathise with the poor, a letter was indited by Nancy and sent by the carrier that night, to inform her husband that she purposed setting off for Cork the next blessed morning, being Tuesday, and as the distance was about forty-eight miles English, she reckoned on reaching that city by Wednesday afternoon; for as she had walked to Clonmell and back (about twenty miles) that same day, without feeling fatigued at all, "*to signify*," Cathleen thought there would be no doubt that she could walk to Cork in less than two days. In this sanguine calculation she was, however, overruled by her more experienced neighbours, and by their advice appointed Thursday as the day on which her husband was to expect her, "God willing."

Cathleen spent the rest of the day in making preparations for her journey: she set her cabin in

order, and made a small bundle of a few articles of clothing belonging to herself and her husband. The watch and the guinea she wrapped up together, and crammed into the toe of an old shoe, which she deposited in the said bundle, and the next morning, at "sparrow chirp," she arose, locked her cabin door, carefully hid the key in the thatch, and with a light expecting heart commenced her long journey.

It is worthy of remark, that this poor woman, who was called upon to play the heroine in such a strange tragedy, and under such appalling circumstances, had nothing heroic in her exterior: nothing that in the slightest degree indicated strength of nerve or superiority of intellect. Cathleen was twenty-three years of age, of a low stature, and in her form rather delicate than robust: she was of ordinary appearance; her eyes were mild and dove-like, and her whole countenance, though not absolutely deficient in intelligence, was more particularly expressive of simplicity, good temper, and kindness of heart.

It was summer, about the end of June: the days were long, the weather fine, and some gentle

showers rendered travelling easy and pleasant. Cathleen walked on stoutly towards Cork, and by the evening she had accomplished, with occasional pauses of rest, nearly twenty-one miles. She lodged at a little inn by the road side, and the following day set forward again, but soon felt stiff with the travel of two previous days: the sun became hotter, the ways dustier; and she could not with all her endeavours get farther than Rathcor-muck, eighteen miles from Cork. The next day, unfortunately for poor Cathleen, proved hotter and more fatiguing than the preceding. The cross road lay over a wild country, consisting of low bogs and bare hills. About noon she turned aside to a rivulet bordered by a few trees, and sitting down in the shade, she bathed her swollen feet in the stream: then overcome by heat, weakness, and excessive weariness, she put her little bundle under her head for a pillow, and sank into a deep sleep.

On waking she perceived with dismay that the sun was declining: and on looking about, her fears were increased by the discovery that her bundle was gone. Her first thought was that the good people, (i. e. *the fairies*) had been there and

stolen it away ; but on examining farther she plainly perceived large foot-prints in the soft bank, and was convinced it was the work of no unearthly marauder. Bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness, she again set forward ; and still hoping to reach Cork that night, she toiled on and on with increasing difficulty and distress, till as the evening closed her spirits failed, she became faint, foot-sore and hungry, not having tasted any thing since the morning but a cold potatoe and a draught of buttermilk. She then looked round her in hopes of discovering some habitation, but there was none in sight except a lofty castle on a distant hill, which raising its proud turrets from amidst the plantations which surrounded it, glimmered faintly through the gathering gloom, and held out no temptation for the poor wanderer to turn in there and rest. In her despair she sat her down on a bank by the road side, and wept as she thought of her husband.

Several horsemen rode by, and one carriage and four attended by servants, who took no farther notice of her than by a passing look ; while they went on their way like the priest and the Levite

in the parable, poor Cathleen dropped her head despairingly on her bosom. A faintness and torpor seemed to be stealing like a dark cloud over her senses, when the fast approaching sound of footsteps roused her attention, and turning, she saw at her side a man whose figure, too singular to be easily forgotten, she recognized immediately : it was Halloran the Pedlar.

Halloran had been known for thirty years past in all the towns and villages between Waterford and Kerry. He was very old, he himself did not know his own age ; he only remembered that he was a " tall slip of a boy " when he was one of the ——— regiment of foot, and fought in America in 1778. His dress was strange, it consisted of a woollen cap, beneath which strayed a few white hairs, this was surmounted by an old military cocked hat, adorned with a few fragments of tarnished gold lace ; a frieze great coat with the sleeves dangling behind, was fastened at his throat, and served to protect his box of wares which was slung at his back ; and he always carried a thick oak stick or *kippeen* in his hand. There was nothing of the infirmity of age in his appearance :

his cheek, though wrinkled and weather-beaten, was still ruddy: his step still firm, his eyes still bright: his jovial disposition made him a welcome guest in every cottage, and his jokes, though not equal to my Lord Norbury's, were repeated and applauded through the whole country. Halloran was returning from the fair of Kilkenny, where apparently his commercial speculations had been attended with success, as his pack was considerably diminished in size. Though he did not appear to recollect Cathleen, he addressed her in Irish, and asked her what she did there: she related in a few words her miserable situation.

"In troth, then, my heart is sorry for ye, poor woman," he replied, compassionately; "and what will ye do?"

"An' what *can* I do?" replied Cathleen, disconsolately; "and how will I even find the ford and get across to Cork, when I don't know where I am this blessed moment?"

"Musha, then, it's little ye'll get there this night," said the pedlar, shaking his head.

"Then I'll lie down here and die," said Cathleen, bursting into fresh tears.

"Die! ye wouldn't!" he exclaimed, approaching nearer; "is it to me, Peter Halloran, ye spake that word; and am I the man that would lave a faymale at this dark hour by the way-side, let alone one that has the face of a friend, though I cannot remember me of your name either, for the soul of me. But what matter for that?"

"Sure, I'm Katty Reilly, of Castle Conn."

"Katty Reilly, sure enough! and so no more talk of dying; cheer up, and see, a mile farther on, isn't there Biddy Hogan's? *Was*, I mane, if the house and all isn't gone: and it's there we'll get a bite and a sup, and a bed, too, please God. So lean upon my arm, ma vourneen, it's strong enough yet."

So saying, the old man, with an air of gallantry, half rustic, half military, assisted her in rising; and supporting her on one arm, with the other he flourished his kippeen over his head, and they trudged on together, he singing Cruiskeen-lawn at the top of his voice, "just," as he said, "to put the heart into her."

After about half an hour's walking, they came to two crossways, diverging from the high road:

down one of these the pedlar turned, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a lonely house, situated at a little distance from the way-side. Above the door was a long stick projecting from the wall, at the end of which dangled a truss of straw, signifying that within there was entertainment (good or bad) for man and beast. By this time it was nearly dark, and the pedlar going up to the door, lifted the latch, expecting it to yield to his hand ; but it was fastened within : he then knocked and called, but there was no answer. The building, which was many times larger than an ordinary cabin, had once been a manufactory, and afterwards a farm-house. One end of it was deserted, and nearly in ruins ; the other end bore signs of having been at least recently inhabited. But such a dull hollow echo rung through the edifice at every knock, that it seemed the whole place was now deserted.

Cathleen began to be alarmed, and crossed herself, ejaculating, "O God preserve us !" But the pedlar, who appeared well acquainted with the premises, led her round to the back part of the house, where there were some ruined out-build

ings, and another low entrance. Here, raising his stout stick, he let fall such a heavy thump on the door that it cracked again ; and a shrill voice from the other side demanded who was there ? After a satisfactory answer, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the figure of a wrinkled, half-famished, and half-naked beldam appeared, shading a rush candle with one hand. Halloran, who was of a fiery and hasty temper, began angrily : “ Why, then, in the name of the great devil himself, didn’t you open to us ? ” But he stopped suddenly, as if struck with surprise at the miserable object before him.

“ Is it Biddy Hogan herself, I see ! ” he exclaimed, snatching the candle from her hand, and throwing the light full on her face. A moment’s scrutiny seemed enough, and too much ; for, giving it back hastily, he supported Cathleen into the kitchen, the old woman leading the way, and placed her on an old settle, the first seat which presented itself. When she was sufficiently recovered to look about her, Cathleen could not help feeling some alarm at finding herself in so gloomy and dreary a place. It had once been a large

kitchen, or hall: at one end was an ample chimney, such as are yet to be seen in some old country houses. The rafters were black with smoke or rottenness: the walls had been wainscoted with oak, but the greatest part had been torn down for firing. A table with three legs, a large stool, a bench in the chimney propped up with turf sods, and the seat Cathleen occupied, formed the only furniture. Every thing spoke utter misery, filth, and famine—the very “abomination of desolation.”

“And what have ye in the house, Biddy, honey?” was the pedlar’s first question, as the old woman set down the light. “Little enough, I’m thinking.”

“Little! It’s nothing, then—no, not so much as a midge would eat have I in the house this blessed night, and nobody to send down to Balgowna.”

“No need of that, as our good luck would have it,” said Halloran, and pulling a wallet from under his loose coat, he drew from it a bone of cold meat, a piece of bacon, a lump of bread, and some cold potatoes. The old woman, roused by

the sight of so much good cheer, began to blow up the dying embers on the hearth; put down among them the few potatoes to warm, and busied herself in making some little preparations to entertain her guests. Meantime the old pedlar, casting from time to time an anxious glance towards Cathleen, and now and then an encouraging word, sat down on the low stool, resting his arms on his knees.

“Times are sadly changed with ye, Biddy Hogan,” said he at length, after a long silence.

“Troth, ye may say so,” she replied, with a sort of groan. “Bitter bad luck have we had in this world, any how.”

“And where’s the man of the house? And where’s the lad, Barny?”

“Where are they, is it? Where should they be? may be gone down to Ahnamoe.”

“But what’s come of Barny? The boy was a stout workman, and a good son, though a devil-may-care fellow, too. I remember teaching him the soldier’s exercise with this very blessed stick now in my hand; and by the same token, him doubling his fist at me when he wasn’t bigger than

the turf-kish yonder ; aye, and as long as Barney Hogan could turn a sod of turf on my lord's land, I thought his father and mother would never have wanted the bit and sup while the life was in him."

At the mention of her son, the old woman looked up a moment, but immediately hung her head again.

"Barney doesn't work for my lord now," said she.

"And what for, then?"

The old woman seemed reluctant to answer—she hesitated.

"Ye didn't hear, then, how he got into trouble with my lord ; and how—myself doesn't know the rights of it—but Barney had always a bit of wild blood about him ; and since that day he's taken to bad ways, and the ould man's ruled by him quite entirely ; and the one's glum and fierce like—and t'other's bothered ; and, oh ! bitter's the time I have 'twixt 'em both !"

While the old woman was uttering these broken complaints, she placed the eatables on the table ; and Cathleen, who was yet more faint from

hunger than subdued by fatigue, was first helped by the good-natured pedlar to the best of what was there : but, just as she was about to taste the food set before her, she chanced to see the eyes of the old woman fixed upon the morsel in her hand with such an envious and famished look, that from a sudden impulse of benevolent feeling, she instantly held it out to her. The woman started, drew back her extended hand, and gazed at her wildly.

“What is it then ails ye?” said Cathleen, looking at her with wonder; then to herself, “hunger’s turned the wits of her, poor soul! Take it—take it, mother,” added she aloud: “eat, good mother; sure there’s plenty for us all, and to spare,” and she pressed it upon her with all the kindness of her nature. The old woman eagerly seized it.

“God reward ye,” said she, grasping Cathleen’s hand, convulsively, and retiring to a corner, she devoured the food with almost wolfish voracity.

While they were eating, the two Hogans, father and son, came in. They had been setting snares

for rabbits and game on the neighbouring hills ; and evidently were both startled and displeased to find the house occupied ; which, since Barny Hogan's disgrace with " my lord," had been entirely shunned by the people round about. The old man gave the pedlar a sulky welcome. The son, with a muttered curse, went and took his seat in the chimney, where, turning his back, he set himself to chop a billet of wood. The father was a lean stooping figure, " bony, and gaunt, and grim : " he was either deaf, or affected deafness. The son was a short, brawny, thickset man, with features not naturally ugly, but rendered worse than ugly by an expression of luring ferocity disgustingly blended with a sort of stupid drunken leer, the effect of habitual intoxication.

Halloran stared at them awhile with visible astonishment and indignation, but pity and sorrow for a change so lamentable, smothered the old man's wrath ; and as the eatables were by this time demolished, he took from his side pocket a tin flask of whiskey, calling to the old woman to boil some water " screeching hot," that he might make what he termed " a jug of stiff punch—

enough to make a cat *spake*." He offered to share it with his hosts, who did not decline drinking; and the noggin went round to all but Cathleen, who, feverish with travelling, and, besides, disliking spirits, would not taste it. The old pedlar, reconciled to his old acquaintances by this show of good fellowship, began to grow merry under the influence of his whiskey-punch: he boasted of his late success in trade, showed with exultation his almost empty pack, and taking out the only two handkerchiefs left in it, threw one to Cathleen, and the other to the old woman of the house; then slapping his pocket, in which a quantity of loose money was heard to jingle, he swore he would treat Cathleen to a good breakfast next morning; and threw a shilling on the table, desiring the old woman would provide "stirabout for a dozen," and have it ready by the first light.

Cathleen listened to this rhodomontade in some alarm; she fancied she detected certain suspicious glances between the father and son, and began to feel an indescribable dread of her company. She arose from the table, urging the pedlar good-humouredly to retire to rest, as they intended to

be up and away so early next morning : then concealing her apprehensions under an affectation of extreme fatigue and drowsiness, she desired to be shown where she was to sleep. The old woman lighted a lanthorn, and led the way up some broken steps into a sort of loft, where she showed her two beds standing close together ; one of these she intimated was for the pedlar, and the other for herself. Now Cathleen had been born and bred in an Irish cabin, where the inmates are usually lodged after a very promiscuous fashion ; our readers, therefore, will not wonder at the arrangement. Cathleen, however, required that, if possible, some kind of skreen should be placed between the beds. The old hag at first replied to this request with the most disgusting impudence ; but Cathleen insisting, the beds were moved asunder, leaving a space of about two feet between them ; and after a long search a piece of old frieze was dragged out from among some rubbish, and hung up to the low rafters, so as to form a curtain or partition half-way across the room. Having completed this arrangement, and wished her “ a sweet sleep and a sound, and lucky

dreams," the old woman put the lanthorn on the floor, for there was neither chair nor table, and left her guest to repose.

Cathleen said her prayers, only partly undressed herself, and lifting up the worn-out coverlet, lay down upon the bed. In a quarter of an hour afterwards the pedlar staggered into the room, and as he passed the foot of her bed, bid God bless her, in a low voice. He then threw himself down on his bed, and in a few minutes, as she judged by his hard and equal breathing, the old man was in a deep sleep.

All was now still in the house, but Cathleen could not sleep. She was feverish and restless: her limbs ached, her head throbbed and burned, undefinable fears beset her fancy; and whenever she tried to compose herself to slumber, the faces of the two men she had left below flitted and glared before her eyes. A sense of heat and suffocation, accompanied by a parching thirst, came over her, caused, perhaps, by the unusual closeness of the room. This feeling of oppression increased till the very walls and rafters seemed to approach nearer and close upon her all around.

Unable any longer to endure this intolerable smothering sensation, she was just about to rise and open the door or window, when she heard the whispering of voices. She lay still and listened. The latch was raised cautiously,—the door opened, and the two Hogans entered: they trod so softly that, though she saw them move before her, she heard no foot-fall. They approached the bed of Halloran, and presently she heard a dull heavy blow, and then sounds—appalling sickening sounds—as of subdued struggles and smothered agony, which convinced her that they were murdering the unfortunate pedlar.

Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon: her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt instinctively that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit profound sleep. The murderers, having done their work on the poor Pedlar, approached her bed, and threw the gleam of their lanthorn full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eye-lids, but they did not wink or move;—there was a pause, a terrible pause, and

then a whispering;—and presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of expostulation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some moments, which appeared an age of agonising suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, and in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die: to use her own affecting language, “the heart within me,” said she, “melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon, and I *did not*. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and I *did*.”

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror: but she set herself to listen fixedly, and convinced her reason that all was still—that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself: the faint moon-light was just struggling through its dirty and cobwebbed panes: it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and, perhaps, impossibility of getting through, it

must be some height from the ground : neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground : and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest previous sound the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude : in a few minutes the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with " If ye touch her life, Barny, a mother's curse go with ye ! enough's done."

" She'll live, then, to hang us all," said the miscreant son.

" Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands ; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your

life, Barny, jewel: but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already, with the fright of it."

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied,

"Hisht! I tell ye, no,—no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt seas far enough out of the way: and haven't we all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?"

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched pedlar. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a footstep. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length—that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose, and went down into the kitchen: the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the pedlar, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early daylight for Mallow, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

“An’ so he did, sure enough,” she replied, “and paid for it too; and by the same token didn’t I go down to Balgowna myself for the milk and the *male* before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, ma colleen:” so saying, she placed a bowl of stirabout and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen ! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her : yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she inquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the high-way from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields which she pointed out. Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful song of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfelt : the sense of danger was paramount, while her

faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The high-road appeared the safest ; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction ; and thus rendered brave even by the excess of her fears, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through ; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did she fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it ; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace ;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

She had proceeded in this manner about three-

quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment ; but on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived that it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes : yet with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition ; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, “ The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother ! a fine day for travellers like you and me ! ”

“ A fine day,” he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, “ but ye see, hugh, ugh ! ye see I’ve walked this morning from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I’m almost spent, and I’ve a bad cowl’d, and a cough on me, as ye may

hear," and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. "Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor ould woman?" said the monster, in a whining, snuffling tone.

"Nothing have I in this wide world," said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. "Sure it's only yesterday I^h was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others, I had starved by the way-side by this time."

"Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potatoe and a cup of cowl'd water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?"

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. "Sure they're good, honest people, though poor enough, God help them," she continued, "and I wish ye, mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat you to a supper—aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye

may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just fornent ye; and so God speed ye!"

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half-mile brought her to the top of a rising ground, within sight of the high-road; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the high-road from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields still separated her from it; but with the same unfailing spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards: and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new-born

hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the farther side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it *was* her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she steeled her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that however it might end, it *must* be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice—a dear and well-known voice, in which she *could* not be deceived:—it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of

recognition, the sounds died away, rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighbouring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her: when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled for ever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to the inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile farther on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, op-

portunately, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the Assizes at Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and sufferings so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were despatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which they found empty, and the inmates already fled: but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive. The country was instantly *up*; the most active search after the murderers was made by the police,

assisted by all the neighbouring peasantry ; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother, and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the Coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately ; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day, that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support ; and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food ; and did not

recognize her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death ;—that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body: the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension ; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and her limbs too weak for support ; yet she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity, and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected ; and when she described her rencontre at the stile, there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense : and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive ; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict, guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual forms, if they had any thing to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, “Nothing :” the old woman, staring wildly on her son, tried to speak ; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. “Mercy, my lord judge !” she exclaimed. “Gentlemen, your honours, have mercy on her. She had mercy on me ! She only did *their* bidding. As for the bundle, and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it’s no robbery. The grip of hunger’s hard to bear ; and if she hadn’t taken it then, where would I have been now ? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honours this moment. O mercy ! mercy for her ! or never will I sleep asy on this side of the grave !”

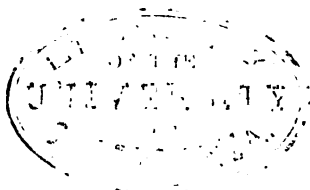
The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved, and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, 'on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. 'It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighbourhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with housebreakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a

shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, "Barney Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?" There was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude: but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our *heroine*, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character, made her an object of general curiosity and interest: a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum; they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army, and with a part of the money, Cathleen, who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly masses for the soul of the poor pedlar; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L., the magistrate who had first examined her in the

little inn at Balgowna, made her a munificent present; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet farther amends for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly, on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a *handsome* plot of potatoe ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness; and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living at this day.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.



THE INDIAN MOTHER.*

There is a comfort in the strength of love,
Making that pang endurable, which else
Would overset the brain—or break the heart.

Wordsworth.

THE monuments which human art has raised to human pride or power may decay with that power, or survive to mock that pride ; but sooner or later they perish—their place knows them not. In the aspect of a ruin, however imposing in itself, and however magnificent or dear the associations connected with it, there is always something sad and humiliating, reminding us how poor and how frail

* This little tale (written in 1830) is founded on a striking incident related in Humboldt's narrative. The facts remain unaltered.

are the works of man, how unstable his hopes, and how limited his capacity compared to his aspirations! But when man has made to himself monuments of the works of God; when the memory of human affections, human intellect, human power, is blended with the immutable features of nature, they consecrate each other, and both endure together to the end. In a state of high civilization, man trusts to the record of brick and marble—the pyramid, the column, the temple, the tomb:

“ Then the bust
And altar rise—then sink again to dust.”

In the earlier stages of society, the isolated rock—the mountain, cloud-encircled—the river, rolling to its ocean-home—the very stars themselves—were endued with sympathies, and constituted the first, as they will be the last, witnesses and records of our human destinies and feelings. The glories of the Parthenon shall fade into oblivion; but while the heights of Thermopylæ stand, and while a wave murmurs in the gulph of Salamis, a voice shall cry aloud to the universe—“ Freedom and

glory to those who can dare to die!—woe and everlasting infamy to him who would enthrall the unconquerable spirit!" 'The Coliseum with its sanguinary trophies is crumbling to decay; but the islet of Nisida, where Brutus parted with his Portia—the steep of Leucadia, still remain fixed as the foundations of the earth; and lasting as the round world itself shall be the memories that hover over them! As long as the waters of the Hellespont flow between Sestos and Abydos, the fame of the love that perished there shall never pass away. A traveller, pursuing his weary way through the midst of an African desert—a barren, desolate, and almost boundless solitude—found a gigantic sculptured head, shattered and half-buried in the sand; and near it the fragment of a pedestal, on which these words might be with pain deciphered: *I am Ozymandias, King of kings; look upon my works, ye mighty ones, and despair!*" Who was Ozymandias?—where are now his works?—what bond of thought or feeling, links his past with our present? The Arab, with his beasts of burthen, tramples unheeding over these forlorn vestiges of human art and human grandeur. In the wildest part of the

New Continent, hidden amid the depths of interminable forests, there stands a huge rock, hallowed by a tradition so recent that the man is not yet grey-headed who was born its contemporary; but that rock, and the tale which consecrates it, shall carry down to future ages a deep lesson—a moral interest lasting as itself—however the aspect of things and the conditions of people change around it. Henceforth no man shall gaze on it with careless eye; but each shall whisper to his own bosom—“What is stronger than love in a mother’s heart?—what more fearful than power wielded by ignorance?—or what more lamentable than the abuse of a beneficent name to purposes of selfish cruelty?”

Those vast regions which occupy the central part of South America, stretching from Guinea to the foot of the Andes, overspread with gigantic and primeval forests, and watered by mighty rivers—those solitary wilds where man appears unessential in the scale of creation, and the traces of his power are few and far between—have lately occupied much of the attention of Europeans; partly from the extraordinary events and unex-

pected revolutions which have convulsed the nations round them; and partly from the researches of enterprising travellers who have penetrated into their remotest districts. But till within the last twenty years these wild regions have been unknown, except through the means of the Spanish and Portuguese priests, settled as missionaries along the banks of the Orinoco and the Paraguay. The men thus devoted to utter banishment from all intercourse with civilized life, are generally Franciscan or Capuchin friars, born in the Spanish Colonies. Their pious duties are sometimes voluntary, and sometimes imposed by the superiors of their order; in either case their destiny appears at first view deplorable, and their self-sacrifice sublime; yet, when we recollect that these poor monks generally exchanged the monotonous solitude of the cloister for the magnificent loneliness of the boundless woods and far-spreading savannahs, the sacrifice appears less terrible; even where accompanied by suffering, privation, and occasionally by danger. When these men combine with their religious zeal some degree of understanding and enlightened benevolence, they have

been enabled to enlarge the sphere of knowledge and civilization, by exploring the productions and geography of these unknown regions; and by collecting into villages and humanizing the manners of the native tribes, who seem strangely to unite the fiercest and most abhorred traits of savage life, with some of the gentlest instincts of our common nature. But when it has happened that these priests have been men of narrow minds and tyrannical tempers, they have on some occasions fearfully abused the authority entrusted to them; and being removed many thousand miles from the European settlements and the restraint of the laws, the power they have exercised has been as far beyond control as the calamities they have caused have been beyond all remedy and all relief.

Unfortunately for those who were trusted to his charge, Father Gomez was a missionary of this character. He was a Franciscan friar of the order of Observance, and he dwelt in the village of San Fernando, near the source of the Orinoco, whence his authority extended as president over several missions in the neighbourhood of which San Fer-

nando was the capital. The temper of this man was naturally cruel and despotic ; he was wholly uneducated, and had no idea, no feeling, of the true spirit of christian benevolence : in this respect, the savages whom he had been sent to instruct and civilize were in reality less savage and less ignorant than himself.

Among the passions and vices which Father Gomez had brought from his cell in the convent of Angostara, to spread contamination and oppression through his new domain, were pride and avarice ; and both were interested in increasing the number of his converts, or rather, of his slaves. In spite of the wise and humane law of Charles the Third, prohibiting the conversion of the Indian natives by force, Gomez, like others of his brethren in the more distant missions, often accomplished his purpose by direct violence. He was accustomed to go, with a party of his people, and lie in wait near the hordes of unreclaimed Indians : when the men were absent he would forcibly seize on the women and children, bind them, and bring them off in triumph to his village. There, being baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross, they were

called Christians, but in reality were slaves. In general, the women thus detained pined away and died ; but the children became accustomed to their new mode of life, forgot their woods, and paid to their Christian master a willing and blind obedience ; thus in time they became the oppressors of their own people.

Father Gomez called these incursions, *la conquista espiritual*—the conquest of souls.

One day he set off on an expedition of this nature, attended by twelve armed Indians ; and after rowing some leagues up the river Guaviare, which flows into the Orinoco, they perceived, through an opening in the trees, and at a little distance from the shore, an Indian hut. It is the custom of these people to live isolated in families ; and so strong is their passion for solitude, that when collected into villages they frequently build themselves a little cabin at a distance from their usual residence, and retire to it, at certain seasons, for days together. The cabin of which I speak was one of these solitary *villas*—if I may so apply the word. It was constructed with peculiar neatness, thatched with palm leaves, and overshadowed with cocoa trees

and laurels; it stood alone in the wilderness, embowered in luxuriant vegetation, and looked like the chosen abode of simple and quiet happiness. Within this hut a young Indian woman (whom I shall call Guahiba, from the name of her tribe) was busied in making cakes of the cassava root, and preparing the family meal, against the return of her husband, who was fishing at some distance up the river; her eldest child, about five or six years old, assisted her; and from time to time, while thus employed, the mother turned her eyes, beaming with fond affection, upon the playful gambols of two little infants, who, being just able to crawl alone, were rolling together on the ground, laughing and crowing with all their might.

Their food being nearly prepared, the Indian woman looked towards the river, impatient for the return of her husband. But her bright dark eyes, swimming with eagerness and affectionate solicitude, became fixed and glazed with terror when, instead of him she so fondly expected, she beheld the attendants of Father Gomez, creeping stealthily along the side of the thicket towards her cabin.

Instantly aware of her danger (for the nature and object of these incursions were the dread of all the country round) she uttered a piercing shriek, snatched up her infants in her arms, and, calling on the other to follow, rushed from the hut towards the forest. As she had considerably the start of her pursuers, she would probably have escaped, and have hidden herself effectually in its tangled depths, if her precious burthen had not impeded her flight; but thus encumbered she was easily overtaken. Her eldest child, fleet of foot and wily as the young jaguar, escaped to carry to the wretched father the news of his bereavement, and neither father nor child were ever more beheld in their former haunts.

Meantime, the Indians seized upon Guahiba—bound her, tied her two children together, and dragged her down to the river, where Father Gomez was sitting in his canoe, waiting the issue of the expedition. At the sight of the captives his eyes sparkled with a cruel triumph; he thanked his patron saint that three more souls were added to his community; and then, heedless

of the tears of the mother, and the cries of her children, he commanded his followers to row back with all speed to San Fernando.

There Guahiba and her infants were placed in a hut under the guard of two Indians; some food was given to her, which she at first refused, but afterwards, as if on reflection, accepted. A young Indian girl was then sent to her—a captive convert of her own tribe, who had not yet quite forgotten her native language. She tried to make Guahiba comprehend that in this village she and her children must remain during the rest of their lives, in order that they might go to heaven after they were dead. Guahiba listened, but understood nothing of what was addressed to her; nor could she be made to conceive for what purpose she was torn from her husband and her home, nor why she was to dwell for the remainder of her life among a strange people, and against her will. During that night she remained tranquil, watching over her infants as they slumbered by her side; but the moment the dawn appeared she took them in her arms and ran off to the woods. She was immediately brought back; but no sooner were the eyes

of her keepers turned from her than she snatched up her children, and again fled;—again—and again! At every new attempt she was punished with more and more severity; she was kept from food, and at length repeatedly and cruelly beaten. In vain!—apparently she did not even understand why she was thus treated; and one instinctive idea alone, the desire of escape, seemed to possess her mind and govern all her movements. If her oppressors only turned from her, or looked another way, for an instant, she invariably caught up her children and ran off towards the forest. Father Gomez was at length wearied by what he termed her “blind obstinacy;” and, as the only means of securing all three, he took measures to separate the mother from her children, and resolved to convey Guahiba to a distant mission, whence she should never find her way back either to them or to her home.

In pursuance of this plan, poor Guahiba, with her hands tied behind her, was placed in the bow of a canoe. Father Gomez seated himself at the helm, and they rowed away.

The few travellers who have visited these regions

agree in describing a phenomenon, the cause of which is still a mystery to geologists, and which imparts to the lonely depths of these unappropriated and unviolated shades an effect intensely and indescribably mournful. The granite rocks which border the river, and extend far into the contiguous woods, assume strange, fantastic shapes; and are covered with a black incrustation, or deposit, which contrasted with the snow-white foam of the waves breaking on them below, and the pale lichens which spring from their crevices and creep along their surface above, give these shores an aspect perfectly funereal. Between these melancholy rocks—so high and so steep that a landing-place seldom occurred for leagues together—the canoe of Father Gomez slowly glided, though urged against the stream by eight robust Indians.

The unhappy Guahiba sat at first perfectly unmoved, and apparently amazed and stunned by her situation; she did not comprehend what they were going to do with her; but after a while she looked up towards the sun, then down upon the stream; and perceiving, by the direction of the one and the

course of the other, that every stroke of the oar carried her farther and farther from her beloved and helpless children, her husband, and her native home, her countenance was seen to change and assume a fearful expression. As the possibility of escape, in her present situation, had never once occurred to her captors, she had been very slightly and carelessly bound. She watched her opportunity, burst the withes on her arms, with a sudden effort flung herself overboard, and dived under the waves; but in another moment she rose again at a considerable distance, and swam to the shore. The current, being rapid and strong, carried her down to the base of a dark granite rock which projected into the stream; she climbed it with fearless agility, stood for an instant on its summit, looking down upon her tyrants, then plunged into the forest, and was lost to sight.

Father Gomez, beholding his victim thus unexpectedly escape him, sat mute and thunderstruck for some moments, unable to give utterance to the extremity of his rage and astonishment. When, at length, he found voice, he commanded his In-

dians to pull with all their might to the shore ; then to pursue the poor fugitive, and bring her back to him, dead or alive.

Guahiba, meantime, while strength remained to break her way through the tangled wilderness, continued her flight ; but soon exhausted and breathless, with the violence of her exertions, she was obliged to relax in her efforts, and at length sunk down at the foot of a huge laurel tree, where she concealed herself, as well as she might, among the long, interwoven grass. There, crouching and trembling in her lair, she heard the voices of her persecutors hallooing to each other through the thicket. She would probably have escaped but for a large mastiff which the Indians had with them, and which scented her out in her hiding-place. The moment she heard the dreaded animal snuffing in the air, and tearing his way through the grass, she knew she was lost. The Indians came up. She attempted no vain resistance ; but, with a sullen passiveness, suffered herself to be seized and dragged to the shore.

When the merciless priest beheld her, he determined to inflict on her such discipline as he thought

would banish her children from her memory, and cure her for ever of her passion for escaping. He ordered her to be stretched upon that granite rock where she had landed from the canoe, on the summit of which she had stood, as if exulting in her flight,—THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER, as it has ever since been denominated—and there flogged till she could scarcely move or speak. She was then bound more securely, placed in the canoe, and carried to Javita, the seat of a mission far up the river.

It was near sunset when they arrived at this village, and the inhabitants were preparing to go to rest. Guahiba was deposited for the night in a large barn-like building, which served as a place of worship, a public magazine, and, occasionally, as a barrack. Father Gomez ordered two or three Indians of Javita to keep guard over her alternately, relieving each other through the night; and then went to repose himself after the fatigues of his voyage. As the wretched captive neither resisted nor complained, Father Gomez flattered himself that she was now reduced to submission. Little could he fathom the bosom of this fond mother!

He mistook for stupor, or resignation, the calmness of a fixed resolve. In absence, in bonds, and in torture, her heart throbbed with but one feeling; one thought alone possessed her whole soul:—her children—her children—and still her children!

Among the Indians appointed to watch her was a youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who, perceiving that her arms were miserably bruised by the stripes she had received, and that she suffered the most acute agony from the savage tightness with which the cords were drawn, let fall an exclamation of pity in the language of her tribe. Quick she seized the moment of feeling, and addressed him as one of her people.

“Guahibo,” she said, in a whispered tone, “thou speakest my language, and doubtless thou art my brother! Wilt thou see me perish without pity, O son of my people? Ah, cut these bonds which enter into my flesh! I faint with pain! I die!”

The young man heard, and, as if terrified, removed a few paces from her and kept silence. Afterwards, when his companions were out of sight,

and he was left alone to watch, he approached, and said, "Guahiba!—our fathers were the same, and I may not see thee die; but if I cut these bonds, white man will flog me:—wilt thou be content if I loosen them, and give thee ease?" And as he spoke, he stooped and loosened the thongs on her wrists and arms; she smiled upon him languidly, and appeared satisfied.

Night was now coming on. Guahiba dropped her head on her bosom, and closed her eyes, as if exhausted by weariness. The young Indian, believing that she slept, after some hesitation laid himself down on his mat. His companions were already slumbering in the porch of the building, and all was still.

Then Guahiba raised her head. It was night—dark night—without moon or star. There was no sound, except the breathing of the sleepers around her, and the humming of the mosquitoes. She listened for some time with her whole soul; but all was silence. She then gnawed the loosened thongs asunder with her teeth. Her hands once free, she released her feet; and when the morning came she had disappeared. Search was made for her in

every direction, but in vain ; and Father Gomez, baffled and wrathful, returned to his village.

The distance between Javita and San Fernando, where Guahiba had left her infants, is twenty-five leagues in a straight line. A fearful wilderness of gigantic forest trees, and intermingling underwood, separated these two missions ;—a savage and awful solitude, which, probably, since the beginning of the world, had never been trodden by human foot. All communication was carried on by the river ; and there lived not a man, whether Indian or European, bold enough to have attempted the route along the shore. It was the commencement of the rainy season. The sky, obscured by clouds, seldom revealed the sun by day ; and neither moon nor gleam of twinkling star by night. The rivers had overflowed, and the lowlands were inundated. There was no visible object to direct the traveller ; no shelter, no defence, no aid, no guide. Was it Providence—was it the strong instinct of maternal love, which led this courageous woman through the depths of the pathless woods—where rivulets, swollen to torrents by the rains, intercepted her at every step ; where the thorny

lianas, twining from tree to tree, opposed an almost impenetrable barrier; where the mosquitoes hung in clouds upon her path; where the jaguar and the alligator lurked to devour her; where the rattle-snake and the water-serpent lay coiled up in the damp grass, ready to spring at her; where she had no food to support her exhausted frame, but a few berries, and the large black ants which build their nests on the trees? How directed—how sustained—cannot be told: the poor woman herself could not tell. All that can be known with any certainty is, that the fourth rising sun beheld her at San Fernando; a wild, and wasted, and fearful object; her feet swelled and bleeding—her hands torn—her body covered with wounds, and emaciated with famine and fatigue;—but once more near her children!

For several hours she hovered round the hut in which she had left them, gazing on it from a distance with longing eyes and a sick heart, without daring to advance: at length she perceived that all the inhabitants had quitted their cottages to attend vespers; then she stole from the thicket, and approached, with faint and timid steps, the

spot which contained her heart's treasures. She entered, and found her infants left alone, and playing together on a mat: they screamed at her appearance, so changed was she by suffering; but when she called them by name, they knew her tender voice, and stretched out their little arms towards her. In that moment, the mother forgot all she had endured—all her anguish, all her fears, every thing on earth but the objects which blessed her eyes. She sat down between her children—she took them on her knees—she clasped them in an agony of fondness to her bosom—she covered them with kisses—she shed torrents of tears on their little heads, as she hugged them to her. Suddenly she remembered where she was, and why she was there: new terrors seized her; she rose up hastily, and, with her babies in her arms, she staggered out of the cabin—fainting, stumbling, and almost blind with loss of blood and inanition. She tried to reach the woods, but too feeble to sustain her burthen, which yet she would not relinquish, her limbs trembled, and sank beneath her. At this moment an Indian, who was watching the public oven, perceived her. He gave the

alarm by ringing a bell, and the people rushed forth, gathering round Guahiba with fright and astonishment. They gazed upon her as if upon an apparition, till her sobs, and imploring looks, and trembling and wounded limbs, convinced them that she yet lived, though apparently nigh to death. They looked upon her in silence, and then at each other; their savage bosoms were touched with commiseration for her sad plight, and with admiration, and even awe, at this unexampled heroism of maternal love.

While they hesitated, and none seemed willing to seize her, or to take her children from her, Father Gomez, who had just landed on his return from Javita, approached in haste, and commanded them to be separated. Guahiba clasped her children closer to her breast, and the Indians shrunk back.

“What!” thundered the monk: will ye “suffer this woman to steal two precious souls from heaven?—two members from our community? See ye not, that while she is suffered to approach them, there is no salvation for either mother or children?—part them, and instantly!”

The Indians, accustomed to his ascendancy, and terrified at his voice, tore the children of Guahiba once more from her feeble arms: she uttered nor word nor cry, but sunk in a swoon upon the earth.

While in this state, Father Gomez, with a cruel mercy, ordered her wounds to be carefully dressed: her arms and legs were swathed with cotton bandages; she was then placed in a canoe, and conveyed to a mission, far, far off, on the river Esmeralda, beyond the Upper Orinoco. She continued in a state of exhaustion and torpor during the voyage; but after being taken out of the boat and carried inland, restoratives brought her back to life, and to a sense of her situation. When she perceived, as reason and consciousness returned, that she was in a strange place, unknowing how she was brought there—among a tribe who spoke a language different from any she had ever heard before, and from whom, therefore, according to Indian prejudices, she could hope nor aid nor pity;—when she recollected that she was far from her beloved children;—when she saw no means of discovering the bearing or the distance

of their abode—no clue to guide her back to it:—*then*, and only then, did the mother's heart yield to utter despair; and thenceforward refusing to speak or to move, and obstinately rejecting all nourishment, thus she died.

The boatman, on the river Atabapo, suspends his oar with a sigh as he passes the ROCK OF THE MOTHER. He points it out to the traveller, and weeps as he relates the tale of her sufferings and her fate. Ages hence, when these solitary regions have become the seats of civilization, of power, and intelligence; when the pathless wilds, which poor Guahiba traversed in her anguish, are replaced by populous cities, and smiling gardens, and pastures, and waving harvests,—still that dark rock shall stand, frowning o'er the stream; tradition and history shall preserve its name and fame; and when even the pyramids, those vast, vain monuments to human pride, have passed away, it shall endure, to carry down to the end of the world the memory of the Indian Mother.

MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.

A DRAMATIC PROVERB.

WRITTEN FOR

HYACINTHE, EMILY, CAROLINE, AND EDWARD.

CHARACTERS.

DICK, the Cobbler, a very honest man, and very merry withal, much given to singing.

MARGERY, his wife, simple and affectionate, and one of the best women in the world.

LADY AMARANTHE, a fine lady, full of airs and affectation, but not without good feeling.

MADemoiselle JUSTINE, her French maid, very like other French maids.

The SCENE lies partly in the Garret of the Cobbler, and partly in LADY AMARANTHE's Drawing-room.

MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.

SCENE I.

A Garret meanly furnished ; several pairs of old shoes, a coat, hat, bonnet, and shawl hanging against the Wall. DICK is seated on a low stool in front. He works, and sings.

As she lay on that day
In the Bay of Biscay O !

Now that's what *I* call a good song ; but my wife, she can't abear them blusteration songs, she says ; she likes something tender and genteel, full of fine words. (*Sings in a mincing voice.*)

Vake, dearest, vake, and again united
Ve'll vander by the sea-he-he-e.

Hang me, if I can understand a word of it ! but

when my wife sings it out with her pretty little mouth, it does one's heart good to hear her; and I could listen to her for ever: but, for my own part, what I like is a song that comes thundering out with a meaning in it! (*Sings, and flourishes his hammer with enthusiasm, beating time upon the shoe.*)

March! march! Eskdale and Tiviotdale,
All the blue bonnets are over the border!

MARGERY—(*from within.*)

Dick! Dick! what a noise you do keep!

DICK.

A noise, eh? Why, Meg, you didn't use to think it a noise: you used to like to hear me sing!

MARGERY—(*entering.*)

And so I did, and so I do. I loves music with all my heart; but the whole parish will hear you if you go for to bawl out so monstrous loud.

DICK.

And let them! who cares?

[*He sings, she laughs.*]

MARGERY.

Nay, sing away if you like it !

DICK—(*stopping suddenly.*)

I won't sing another bit if you don't like it,
Meg.

MARGERY.

Oh, I do like ! Lord bless us ! not like it ! it sounds so merry ! Why, Dick, love, every body said yesterday that you sung as well as Mr. Thingumee at Sadler's Wells, and says they, " Who is that young man as sings like any nightingale ?" and I says (*drawing herself up*), " That's my husband !"

DICK.

Ay ! flummery !—But, Meg, I say, how did you like the wedding yesterday ?

MARGERY.

Oh, hugely ! such heaps of smart people, as fine as fivepence, I warrant ; and such gay gowns and caps ! and plenty to eat and drink !—But

what I liked best was the walking in the gardens at Bagnigge Wells, and the tea, and the crumpets!

DICK.

And the punch!

MARGERIE.

Yes—ha! ha! I could see you thought *that* good! and then the dancing!

DICK.

Ay, ay; and there wasn't one amongst them that footed it away like my Margery. And folks says to me, "Pray, who is that pretty modest young woman as hops over the ground as light as a feather?" says they; and says I, "Why, that there pretty young woman is my wife, to be sure!"

MARGERIE.

Ah, you're at your jokes, Dick!

DICK.

I'll be hanged then!

MARGERY—(*leaning on his shoulder.*)

Well, to be sure, we were happy yesterday. It's good to make holiday just now and then, but some how I was very glad to come home to our own little room again. O Dick!—did you mind that Mrs. Pinchtoe, that gave herself such grand airs?—she in the fine lavender silk gown—that turned up her nose at me so, and all because she's a master shoemaker's wife! and you are only—only—a cobbler!—(*sighs*) I wish *you* were a master shoemaker, Dick.

DICK.

That you might be a master shoemaker's wife, hay! and turn up your nose like Mrs. Pinchtoe?

MARGERY—(*laughing.*)

No, no; I have more manners.

DICK.

Would you love me better, Meg, if I were a master shoemaker?

MARGERY.

No, I couldn't love you better if you were a

king ; and that you know, Dick ; and, after all, we're happy now, and who knows what might be if we were to change ?

DICK.

Ay, indeed ! who knows ? you might grow into a fine lady like she over the way, who comes home o'nights just as we're getting up in the morning, with the flams flaring, and blazing like any thing ; and that puts me in mind——

MARGERY.

Of what, Dick ? tell me !

DICK.

Why, cousin Tom's wedding put it all out of my head last night ; but yesterday there comes over to me one of those fine bedizened fellows we see lounging about the door there, with a cocked hat, and things like stay laces dangling at his shoulder.

MARGERY.

What could he want, I wonder !

DICK.

O ! he comes over to me as I was just standing at the door below, a thinking of nothing at all, and singing Paddy O'Raffety to myself, and says he to me, "You cobbler fellor," says he, "don't you go for to keep such a bawling every morning, awakening people out of their first sleep," says he, "for if you do, my lord will have you put into the stocks," says he.

MARGERY.

The stocks ! O goodness gracious me ! and what for, pray ?

DICK—(*with a grin.*)

Why, for singing, honey ! So says I, "Hark'ee, Mr. Scrape-trencher, there go words to that bargain : what right have you to go for to speak in that there way to me?" says I ; and says he, "We'll have you 'dited for a nuisance, fellor," says he.

MARGERY—(*clasping her hands.*)

A nuisance ! my Dick a nuisance ! O Lord a' mercy !

DICK.

Never fear, girl ; I'm a free-born Englishman, and I knows the laws well enough : and says I, " No more a fellor than yourself ; I'm an honest man, following an honest calling, and I don't care *that* for you nor your lord neither ; and I'll sing *when* I please, and I'll sing *what* I please, and I'll sing as loud as I please ; I will, by jingo !" and so he lifts me up his cane, and I says quite cool, " This house is my castle ; and if you don't take yourself out of that in a jiffey, why, I'll give your laced jacket such a dusting as it never had before in its life—I will."

MARGERY.

O, Dick ! you've a spirit of your own, I warrant. Well, and then ?

DICK.

Oh, I promise you he was off in the twinkling of a bed-post, and I've heard no more of him ; but I was determined to wake you this morning with a thundering song ; just to show 'em I didn't care for 'em—ha ! ha ! ha !

MARGERY.

Oh, ho! that was the reason, then, that you bawled so in my ear, and frightened me out of my sleep—was it? Oh, well, I forgive you; but bless me! I stand chattering here, and it's twelve o'clock, as I live! I must go to market—(*putting on her shawl and bonnet.*) What would you like to have for dinner, Dick, love? a nice rasher of bacon, by way of a relish?

DICK—(*smacking his lips.*)

Just the very thing, honey.

MARGERY.

Well, give me the shilling, then.

DICK—(*scratching his head.*)

What shilling?

MARGERY.

Why, the shilling you had yesterday.

DICK—(*feeling in his pockets.*)

A shilling!

MARGERY.

Yes, a shilling. (*Gaily.*) To have meat, one must have money; and folks must eat as well as sing, Dick, love. Come, out with it!

DICK.

But suppose I haven't got it?

MARGERY.

How! what! you don't mean for to say that the last shilling that you put in your pocket, just to make a show, is gone?

DICK—(*with a sigh.*)

But I do, though—it's gone.

MARGERY.

What shall we do?

DICK. •

I don't know. (*A pause. They look at each other.*) Stay, that's lucky. Here's a pair of dancing pumps as belongs to old Mrs. Crusty, the baker's wife at the corner—

MARGERY—(*gaily.*)

We can't eat *them* for dinner, I guess.

DICK.

No, no; but I'm just at the last stitch.

MARGERY.

Yes—

DICK—(*speaking and working in a hurry.*)

And so you'll take them home—

MARGERY.

Yes—

DICK.

And tell her I must have seven-pence halfpenny for them. (*Gives them.*)

MARGERY—(*examining the shoes.*)

But, Dick, isn't that some'at extortionate, as a body may say? seven-pence halfpenny!

DICK.

Why, here's heel-pieces, and a patch upon each toe; one must live, Meg!

MARGERY.

Yes, Dick, love; but so must other folks. Now I think seven-pence would be enough in all conscience—what do you say?

DICK.

Well, settle it as you like; only get a bit of dinner for us, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, I know.

MARGERY.

I'm going. Good bye, Dick!

DICK.

Take care of theeself—and don't spend the change in caps and ribbons, Meg!

MARGERY.

Caps and ribbons out of seven-pence! Lord help the man! ha, ha, ha! (*She goes out.*)

DICK—(*calling after her.*)

And come back soon, d'ye hear? There she goes—hop, skip, and jump, down the stairs.

Somehow, I can't abear to have her out of my sight a minute. Well, if ever there was a man could say he had a good wife, why, that's me myself—tho'f I say it—the cheerfullest, sweetest temperedst, cleanliest, lovingest woman in the whole parish, that never gives one an ill word from year's end to year's end, and deserves at least that a man should work hard for her—it's all I can do—and we must think for to-morrow as well as to-day. (*He works with great energy, and sings at the same time with equal enthusiasm.*)

Cannot ye do as I do ?

Cannot ye do as I do ?

Spend your money, and work for more ;

That's the way that I do!

Tol de rol lol.

Re-enter MARGERY in haste.

MARG.—(*out of breath.*)

Oh, Dick, husband ! Dick, I say !

DICK.

Hay ! what's the matter now ?

MARGERY.

Here be one of those fine powdered laced fellows from over the way comed after you again.

DICK—(*rising.*)

An impudent jackanapes ! I'll give him as good as he brings.

MARGERY.

Oh, no, no ! he's monstrous civil now ; for he chucked me under the chin, and says he, " My pretty girl ! "

DICK.

Ho ! monstrous civil indeed, with a vengeance !

MARGERY.

And says he, " Do you belong to this here house ? " " Yes, sir," says I, making a curtsy, for I couldn't do no less when he spoke so civil ; and says he, " Is there an honest cobbler as lives here ? " " Yes, sir," says I, " my husband that is." " Then, my dear," says he, " just tell him

to step over the way, for my Lady Amaranthe wishes to speak to him immediately."

DICK.

A lady? O Lord!

MARGERY.

Yes, so you must go directly. Here, take off your apron, and let me comb your hair a bit.

DICK.

What the mischief can a lady want with me? I've nothing to do with ladies, as I knows of.

MARGERY.

Why, she won't eat you up, I reckon.

DICK.

And yet I—I—I be afeard, Meg!

MARGERY.

Afeard of a lady! that's a good one!

DICK.

Ay, just—if it were a man, I shouldn't care a fig.

MARGERY.

But we've never done no harm to nobody in our whole lives, so what is there to be afraid of?

DICK.

Nay, that's true.

MARGERY.

Now let me help you on with your best coat. Pooh! what is the man about?—Why, you're putting the back to the front, and the front to the back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind!

DICK.

My head do turn round, just for all the world like a peg-top.—A lady! what *can* a lady have to say to me, I wonder?

MARGERY.

May be, she's a customer.

DICK.

No, no, great gentlefolks like she never wears patched toes nor heel-pieces, I reckon.

MARGERY.

Here's your hat. Now let me see how you can make a bow. (*He bows awkwardly.*) Hold up your head—turn out your toes. That will do capital! (*She walks round him with admiration.*) How nice you look! there's ne'er a gentleman of them all can come up to my Dick.

DICK—(*hesitating.*)

But—a—a—Meg, you'll come with me, won't you, and just see me safe in at the door, eh?

MARGERY.

Yes, to be sure; walk on before, and let me look at you. Hold up your head—there, that's it!

DICK—(*marching.*)

Come along. Hang it, who's afraid?

[*They go out.*]

Scene changes to a Drawing-room in the House of LADY AMARANTHE.

Enter LADY AMARANTHE, leaning upon her maid, MADEMOISELLE JUSTINE.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Avancez un fauteuil, ma chère ! arrangez les coussins. (JUSTINE settles the chair, and places a footstool. LADY AMARANTHE, sinking into the arm-chair with a languid air.) Justine, I shall die, I shall certainly die ! I never can survive this !

JUSTINE.

Mon Dieu ! madame, ne parlez pas comme ça ! c'est m'enfoncer un poignard dans le cœur !

LADY AMARANTHE—(*Despairingly.*)

No rest—no possibility of sleeping—

JUSTINE.

Et le medecin de madame, qui a ordonné la

plus grande tranquillité—qui a même voulu que je me taisais—moi, par exemple !

LADY AMARANTHE.

After fatiguing myself to death with playing the agreeable to disagreeable people, and talking common-place to common-place acquaintance, I return home, to lay my aching head upon my pillow, and just as my eyes are closing, I start—I wake,—a voice that would rouse the dead out of their graves echoes in my ears ! In vain I bury my head in the pillow—in vain draw the curtains close—multiply defences against my window—change from room to room—it haunts me ! Ah ! I think I hear it still ! (*covering her ears*) it will certainly drive me distracted !

[*During this speech, JUSTINE has made sundry exclamations and gestures expressive of horror, sympathy, and commiseration.*]

JUSTINE.

Vraiment, c'est affreux.

LADY AMARANTHE.

In any more civilized country it never could

have been endured—I should have had him removed at once; but here the vulgar people talk of laws!

JUSTINE.

Ah, oui, madame, mais il faut avouer que c'est ici un pays bien barbare, où tout le monde parle loi et métaphysique, et où l'on ne fait point de différence entre les riches et les pauvres.

LADY AMARANTHE.

But what provokes me more than all the rest is this unheard-of insolence! (*rises and walks about the room,*)—a cobbler too—a cobbler who presumes to sing, and to sing when all the rest of the world is asleep! This is the march of intellect with a vengeance!

JUSTINE.

C'est vrai, il ne chante que des marches et de gros chansons à boire—s'il chantait bien doucement quelque joli roman par exemple—(*She sings*)—*dormez, dormez, mes chers amours!*

LADY AMARANTHE.

Justine, did you send the butler over to request

civilly that he would not disturb me in the morning?

JUSTINE.

Qui, miladi, dat is, I have send John ; de butler he was went out.

LADY AMARANTHE.

And his answer was, that he would sing in spite of me, and louder than ever?

JUSTINE.

Oui, miladi, le monstre ! il dit comme ça, dat he will sing more louder den ever.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*sinking again into her chair.*)

Ah ! the horrid man !

JUSTINE.

Ah ! dere is no politesse, no more den dere is police in dis country.

LADY AMARANTHE.

If Lord Amaranthe were not two hundred miles off—but, as it is, I must find some remedy—let me

think—bribery, I suppose. Have they sent for him? I dread to see the wretch. What noise is that? allez voir, ma chère !

JUSTINE—(*goes and returns.*)

Madame, c'est justement notre homme, voulez-vous qu'il entre ?

LADY AMARANTHE.

Oui, faites entrer. [*She leans back in her chair.*]

JUSTINE—(*at the door.*)

Entrez, entrez toujours, dat is, come in, good mister.

Enter DICK. He bows ; and, squeezing his hat in his hands, looks round him with considerable embarrassment.

JUSTIN—(*to Lady Amaranthe.*)

Bah ! comme il sent le cuir, n'est-ce pas, madame ?

LADY AMARANTHE.

Faugh ! mes sels—ma vinaigrette, Justine—non,

l'eau de Cologne, qui est là sur la table. (JUSTINE brings her some eau de Cologne; she pours some upon her handkerchief, and applies it to her temples and to her nose, as if overcome; then, raising her eye-glass, she examines DICK from head to foot.) Good man—a—pray, what is your name?

DICK—(*with a profound bow.*)

Dick, please your ladyship.

LADY AMABANTHE.

Hum—a—a—pray, Mr. Dick—

DICK.

Folks just call me plain Dick, my lady. I'm a poor honest cobbler, and no mister.

LADY AMABANTHE—(*pettishly.*)

Well, sir, it is of no consequence. You live in the small house over the way, I think?

DICK.

Yes, ma'am, my lady, I does; I rents the attics.

LADY AMARANTHE.

You appear a good civil sort of man enough. (*He bows.*) I sent my servant over to request that you would not disturb me in the night—or the morning, as you call it. I have very weak health—am quite an invalid—your loud singing in the morning just opposite to my windows——

DICK—(*eagerly.*)

Ma'am, I—I'm very sorry; I ask your ladyship's pardon; I'll never sing no more above my breath, if you please.

JUSTINE.

Comment ! c'est honnête, par exemple.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*surprised.*)

Then you did not tell my servant that you would sing louder than ever, in spite of me ?

DICK.

Me, my lady ? I never said no such thing.

LADY AMARANTHE.

This is strange ; or is there some mistake ? Perhaps you are not the same Mr. Dick !

DICK.

Why, yes, my lady, for that matter, I be the same Dick. (*Approaching a few steps, and speaking confidentially.*) I'll just tell your ladyship the whole truth, and not a bit of a lie. There comes an impudent fellow to me, and he tells me, just out of his own head, I'll be bound, that if I sung o' mornings, he would have me put in the stocks.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Good heavens !

JUSTINE—(*in the same tone.*)

Grands dieux !

DICK—(*with a grin.*)

Now the stocks is for a rogue, as the saying is. As for my singing, that's neither here nor there ; but no jackanapes shall threaten *me*. I *will* sing

if I please (*sturdily,*) and I won't sing if I don't please; and (*lowering his tone,*) I don't please, if it disturbs your ladyship. (*Retreating*) I wish your ladyship a good day, and better health.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Stay; you are not then the rude uncivil person I was told of?

DICK.

I hopes I knows better than to do an uncivil thing by a lady.

[*Bows and retreats towards the door.*]

LADY AMARANTHE.

Stay, sir—a—a—one word.

DICK.

Oh, as many as you please, ma'am; I'm in no hurry.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*graciously.*)

Are you married?

DICK—(*rubbing his hands with glee.*)

Yes, ma'am, I be; and to as tight a bit of a wife as any in the parish.

JUSTINE.

Ah! il paraît que ce monsieur Dick aime sa femme! Est-il amusant!

LADY AMARANTHE.

You love her then?

DICK.

Oh, then I do! I love her with all my heart! who could help it?

LADY AMARANTHE.

Indeed! and how do you live?

DICK.

Why, bless you, ma'am, sometimes well, sometimes ill, according as I have luck and work. When we can get a bit of dinner, we eat it, and when we can't, why, we go without: or, may be, a kind neighbour helps us.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Poor creatures !

DICK.

Oh, not so poor neither, my lady ; many folks is worser off. I'm always merry, night and day ; and my Meg is the good temperedst, best wife in the world. We've never had nothing from the parish, and never will, please God, while I have health and hands.

LADY AMARANTHE.

And you are happy ?

DICK.

As happy as the day is long.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*aside.*)

This is a lesson to me. Eh bien, Justine ! voilà donc notre sauvage !

JUSTINE.

Il est gentil ce monsieur Dick, et à présent que je le regarde—vraiment il a une assez jolie tournure.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*with increasing interest.*)

Have you any children?

DICK—(*with a sigh.*)

No, ma'am; and that's the only thing as frets us.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Good heavens! you do not mean to say you wish for them, and have scarce enough for yourselves? how would you feed them?

DICK.

Oh, I should leave Meg to feed them; I should have nothing to do but to work for them. Providence would take care of us while they were little; and, when they were big, they would help us.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*aside.*)

I could not have conceived this. (*She whispers JUSTINE, who goes out.*) (*To DICK.*) Can I do any thing to serve you?

DICK.

Only, if your ladyship could recommend me any

custom ; I mend shoes as cheap as e'er a cobbler in London, though I say it.

LADY AMARANTHE.

I shall certainly desire that all my people employ you whenever there is occasion.

Re-enter JUSTINE, holding a purse in her hand.

DICK—(*bowing.*)

Much obliged, my lady ; I hopes to give satisfaction, but (*looking with admiration at LADY AMARANTHE's foot as it rests on the footstool*) such a pretty, little, delicate, beautiful foot as yon, I never fitted in all my born days. It can't cost your ladyship much in shoe leather, I guess ?

LADY AMARANTHE—(*smiling complacently.*)

Rather more than you would imagine, I fancy, my good friend.

JUSTINE.

Comment donc—ce Monsieur Dick, fait aussi des complimens à Madame ? Il ne manque pas de goût,—(*aside*) et il sait ce qu'il fait, apparemment

LADY AMARANTHE—(*glancing at her foot.*)

C'est à dire—il a du bon sens, et ne parle pas mal. (*She takes the purse.*) As you so civilly obliged me, you must allow me to make you some return.

DICK—(*putting his hand behind him.*)

Me, ma'am ! I'm sure I don't want to be paid for being civil.

LADY AMARANTHE.

But as I have deprived you of a pleasure, my good friend, some amends surely—

DICK.

Oh, ma'am, pray don't mention it ; my wife's a little tired and sleepy sometimes of a morning, and if I didn't sing her out of bed, I do think she would, by chance, snooze away till six o'clock, like any duchess ; but a pinch or a shake or a kiss will do as well, may be : and (*earnestly*) she's, for all that, the best woman in the world.

LADY AMARANTHE—(*smiling.*)

I can believe it, though she *does* sleep till six o'clock like a duchess. Well, my good friend,

there are five guineas in this purse; the purse is my own work; and I request you will present it to your wife from me, with many thanks for your civility.

DICK—(*confused.*)

Much obliged, much obliged, but I can't, I can't indeed, my lady. Five guineas! O Lord! I should never know what to do with such a power of money.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Your wife will not say the same, depend upon it; she will find some use for it.

DICK.

My Meg, poor woman! she never had so much money in all her life.

LADY AMARANTHE.

I must insist upon it; you will offend me.

JUSTINE—(*taking the purse out of her lady's hand, and forcing it upon DICK.*)

Dieux! est-il bête!—you no understand?—It is

de gold and de silver money (*laughing.*) Comme il a l'air ébahi !

DICK—(*putting up the money.*)

Many thanks, and I pray God bless your ladyship !

LADY AMARANTHE—(*gaily.*)

Good morning, Mr. Dick. Remember me to your wife.

DICK.

I will, my lady. I wish your ladyship, and you, miss, a good morning. (*To himself.*) Five guineas !—what will Meg say ?—Now I'll be a master shoemaker. (*Going out in an ecstasy, he knocks his head against the wall.*)

LADY AMARANTHE.

Take care, friend. Montrez-lui la porte, Justine !

JUSTINE.

Mais venez donc, Monsieur Dick—par ici—et n'allez pas donner le nez contre la porte !

[DICK follows JUSTINE out of the door, after making several bows.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Poor man!—well, he's silenced—he does not look as if he would sing, morning or night, for the next twelve months.

Re-enter JUSTINE.

JUSTINE.

Voici Madame Mincetaille, qui vient pour essayer la robe-de-bal de madame.

LADY AMARANTHE.

Ah ! allons donc.

[They go out.]

The SCENE changes to the Cobbler's Garret.

Enter MARGERY, in haste ; a basket in her hand.

She looks about her.

MARGERY.

Not come back yet ! what can keep him, I wonder ! (*Takes off her bonnet and shawl.*) Well, I must get the dinner ready. (*Pauses, and looks anxious.*) But, somehow, I feel not easy in my mind. What could they want with him ?—Hark ! (*Goes to the door*) No—what a time he is ! But suppose they should 'dite him for a nuisance—O me ! or send him to the watchhouse—O my poor dear Dick ! I must go and see after him ! I must go this very instant moment ! (*Snatches up her bonnet.*) Oh, I hear him now ; but how slowly he comes up !

[*Runs to the door, and leads him in.*

Enter DICK.

MARGERY.

Oh, my dear, dear Dick, I am so glad you are

come at last ! But how pale you look ! all I don't know how ! What's the matter ? why don't you speak to me, Dick, love ?

DICK—(*fanning himself with his hat.*)

Let me breathe, wife.

MARGERY.

But what's the matter ? where have you been ? who did you see ? what did they say to you ? Come, tell me quick.

DICK.

Why, Meg, how your tongue does gallop ! as if a man could answer twenty questions in a breath.

MARGERY.

Did you see the lady herself ? Tell me that.

DICK—(*looking round the room suspiciously.*)

Shut the door first.

MARGERY.

There.

[*Shuts it.*]

DICK.

Shut the other.

MARGERY.

The other ?—There.

[*Shuts it.*

DICK.

Lock it fast, I say.

MARGERY.

There's no lock ; and that you know.

DICK—(*frightened.*)

No lock ;—then we shall all be robbed !

MARGERY.

Robbed of what ? Sure, there's nothing here for any one to rob ! You never took such a thing into your head before.

[*DICK goes to the door, and tries to fasten it.*

MARGERY—(*aside.*)

For sartain, he's bewitched—or have they given him something to drink ?—or, perhaps, he's ill.

(Very affectionately, and laying her hand on his shoulder.) Are you not well, Dick, love? Will you go to bed, sweetheart?

DICK—*(gruffly.)*

No. Go to bed in the broad day!—the woman's cracked.

MARGERY—*(whimpering.)*

Oh, Dick, what in the world has come to you?

DICK.

Nothing—nothing but good, you fool. There—there—don't cry, I tell you.

MARGERY—*(wiping her eyes.)*

And did you see the lady?

DICK.

Ay, I seed her; and a most beautiful lady she is, and she sends her sarvice to you?

MARGERY.

Indeed! lauk-a-daisy! I'm sure I'm much obliged—but what did she say to you?

DICK.

Oh, she said this, and that, and t'other—a great deal.

MARGERY.

But what, Dick?

DICK.

Why, she said—she said as how I sung so fine, she couldn't sleep o' mornings.

MARGERY.

Sleep o' mornings! that's a good joke! Let people sleep o' nights, I say.

DICK—(*solemnly.*)

But she can't, poor soul, she's very ill; she has pains here, and pains there, and everywhere.

MARGERY.

Indeed! poor lady! then you mustn't disturb her no more, Dick, that's a sure thing.

DICK.

Ay, so I said; and so she gave me this.

[*Takes out the purse, and holds it up.*]

MARGERY—(*clapping her hands.*)

O goodness! what a fine purse!—Is there any thing in it?

DICK—(*chinks the money.*)

Do ye hear that? Guess now.

MARGERY—(*timidly.*)

Five shillings, perhaps, eh?

DICK.

Five shillings!—five guineas, girl.

MARGERY—(*with a scream.*)

Five guineas! five guineas! (*skips about*) tal, lal, la! five guineas! (*Runs, and embraces her husband.*) Oh, Dick! we'll be so rich and so happy. I want a power of things. I'll have a new gown—lavender, shall it be?—Yes, it shall be lavender; and a dimity petticoat; and a lace cap, like Mrs. Pinchtoe's, with pink ribbons—how she will stare! and I'll have two silver spoons, and a nutmeg-grater, and——

DICK.

Ho, ho, ho! what a jabber! din, din, din!
You'll have this, and you'll have that! First, I'll
have a good stock of neat's leather.

MARGERY.

Well, well, give me the purse; I'll take care of
it. [Snatches at it.

DICK.

No, thankee, *I'll* take care of it.

MARGERY—(*coaxing*).

You know I always keep the money, Dick!

DICK.

Ay, Meg, but I'll keep this, do ye mind?

MARGERY.

What! keep it all to yourself?—No, you
won't; an't I your wife, and haven't I a right? I
ax you that.

DICK.

Pooh! don't be bothering me.

MARGERY.

Come, give it me at once, there's a dear Dick !

DICK.

What, to waste it all in woman's nonsense and frippery ? Don't be a fool ! we're rich, and we'll keep it safe.

MARGERY.

Why, where's the use of money but to spend ?
Come, come, I *will* have it.

DICK.

Hey-day ! you will ?—You shan't ; who's the master here, I say ?

MARGERY—(*passionately.*)

Why, if you come to that, who's the mistress here, I say ?

DICK.

Now, Meg, don't you go for to provoke me.

MARGERY.

Pooh ! I defy you.

DICK—(*doubling his fist.*)

Don't you put me in a passion, Meg!

MARGERY.

Get along; I don't care that for you! (*snaps her fingers.*) You used to be my own dear Dick, and now you're a cross, miserly curmudgeon—

DICK—(*quite furious.*)

You will have it then! Why, then, take it, with a mischief; take that, and that, and that!

[*He beats her; she screams.*]

MARGERY.

Oh! oh! oh!—pray don't—pray—(*Breaks from him, and throws herself into a chair.*) O Dick! to go for to strike me! O that I should ever see the day!—you cruel, unkind—Oh! oh!

[*Covers her face with her apron, sobs, and cries; and he stands looking at her sheepishly. A long pause.*]

DICK—(*in great agitation.*)

Eh, why! women be made of eggshells, I do think. Why, Meg, I didn't hurt you, did I?

why don't you speak? . Now, don't you be sulky, come; it wasn't much. A man is but flesh and blood, after all; come, I say—I'll never get into a passion with you again to my dying day—I won't—come, don't cry; (*tries to remove the apron;*) come, kiss, and be friends. Won't you forgive your own dear Dick, won't you? (*ready to cry*) She won't!—Here, here's the money, and the purse and all—take it, do what you like with it. (*She shakes her head.*) What, you won't then? why, then, there—(*throws it on the ground.*) Deuce fetch me if ever I touch it again! and I wish my fingers had been burnt before ever I took it,—so I do! (*with feeling.*) We were so happy this morning, when we hadn't a penny to bless ourselves with, nor even a bit to eat; and now, since all this money has come to us of a sudden, why, it's all as one as if old Nick himself were in the purse. I'll tell you what, Meg, eh! shall I? Shall I take it back to the lady, and give our duty to her, and tell her we don't want her guineas, shall I, Meg? shall I, dear heart?

[*During the last few words MARGERY lets the apron fall from her face, looks up at him, and smiles.*]

DICK.

Oh, that's right, and we'll be happy again, and never quarrel more.

MARGERY.

No, never ! (*They embrace.*) Take it away, for I can't bear the sight of it.

DICK.

Take it *you* then, for you know, Meg, I said I would never touch it again; and what I says, I says—and what I says, I sticks to.

[*Pushes it towards her with his foot.*]

MARGERY.

And so do I: and I vowed to myself that I wouldn't touch it, and I won't.

[*Kicks it back to him.*]

DICK.

How shall we manage then? Oh, I have it. Fetch me the tongs here. (*Takes up the purse in the tongs, and holds it at arm's length.*) Now I'm going. So, Meg, if you repent, now's the time. . Speak—or for ever hold your tongue.

MARGERY.

Me repent? No, my dear Dick! I feel, somehow, quite light, as if a great lump were gone away from here.

[Laying her hands on her bosom.]

DICK.

And so do I; so come along. We never should have believed this, if we hadn't tried; but it's just what my old mother used to say—MUCH COIN, MUCH CARE.*

* It need hardly be observed that this little trifle was written exclusively for young actors, to whom the style was adapted. The subject is imitated from one of Théodore Leclercq's *Proverbes Dramatiques*.

DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.

Sad, solemn, soure, and full of fancies fraile,
She woxe : yet wist she neither how nor why :
She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
Yet wist she was not well at ease, perdie ;
Yet thought it was not Love, but some Melancholie.

SPENSER.

DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE.*

Calais, June 21.

WHAT young lady, travelling for the first time on the continent, does not write a "Diary?" No sooner have we stept on the shores of France—no sooner are we seated in the gay salon at Dessin's, than we call, like Biddy Fudge, for "French pens and French ink," and forth steps from its case the morocco-bound diary, regularly ruled and paged, with its patent Brainah lock and key, wherein we are to record and preserve all the striking, profound, and original observations—the classical reminiscenses—the thread-bare raptures—the poetical effusions—in short, all the never-sufficiently-to-be-exhausted topics of sentiment and enthusiasm,

* First published in 1826.

which must necessarily suggest themselves while posting from Paris to Naples.

Verbiage, emptiness, and affectation !

Yes—but what must I do, then, with my volume in green morocco ?

Very true, I did not think of that.

We have all read the DIARY OF AN INVALID, the best of all diaries since old Evelyn's.—

Well, then,—Here beginneth the DIARY OF A BLUE DEVIL.

What inconsistent beings are we !—How strange that in such a moment as this, I can jest in mockery of myself ! but I will write on. Some keep a diary, because it is the fashion—a reason why *I* should not ; some because it is *blue*, but I am not *blue*, only a *blue devil* ; some for their amusement,—*amusement* !! alas ! alas !—and some that they may remember,—and I that I may forget. O ! would it were possible.

When, to-day, for the first time in my life, I saw the shores of England fade away in the distance—did the conviction that I should never behold them more, bring with it one additional pang of regret, or one consoling thought ? neither the

one nor the other. I leave behind me the scenes, the objects, so long associated with pain; but from pain itself I cannot fly: it has become a part of myself. I know not yet whether I ought to rejoice and be thankful for this opportunity of travelling, while my mind is thus torn and upset; or rather regret that I must visit scenes of interest, of splendour, of novelty—scenes over which, years ago, I used to ponder with many a sigh, and many a vain longing, now that I am lost to all the pleasure they could once have excited: for what is all the world to me now? But I will not weakly yield: though time and I have not been long acquainted, do I not know what miracles he, “the all-powerful healer,” can perform? Who knows but this dark cloud may pass away? Continual motion, continual activity, continual novelty, the absolute necessity for self-command, may do something for me. I cannot quite forget; but if I can cease to remember for a few minutes, or even, it may be, for a few hours! O how idle to talk of “*indulging* grief:” talk of indulging the rack, the rheumatism! who ever indulged grief that truly felt it? to *endure* is hard enough.

It is o'er ! with its pains and its pleasures,
The dream of affection is o'er !
The feelings I lavish'd fondly
Will never return to me more.

With a faith, O ! too blindly believing—
A truth, no unkindness could move ;
My prodigal heart hath expended
At once, an existence of love.

And now, like the spendthrift forsaken,
By those whom his bounty had blest,
All empty, and cold, and despairing,
It shrinks in my desolate breast.

But a spirit is burning within me,
Unquench'd, and unquenchable yet ;
It shall teach me to bear uncomplaining,
The grief I can never forget.

Rouen, June 25.—I do not pity Joan of Arc :
that heroic woman only paid the price which all
must pay for celebrity in some shape or other :
the sword or the faggot, the scaffold or the field,
public hatred or private heart-break ; what mat-
ter ? The noble Bedford could not rise above
the age in which he lived : but *that* was the age
of gallantry and chivalry, as well as superstition :
and could Charles, the lover of Agnes Sorel,

with all the knights and nobles of France, look on while their champion, and a woman, was devoted to chains and death, without one effort to save her?

It has often been said that her fate disgraced the military fame of the English; it is a far fouler blot on the chivalry of France.

* * * *

St. Germain's, June 27.—I cannot bear this place, another hour in it will kill me; this sultry evening—this sickening sunshine—this quiet, unbroken, boundless landscape—these motionless woods—the Seine stealing, creeping through the level plains—the dull grandeur of the old chateau—the languid repose of the whole scene—instead of soothing, torture me. I am left without resource, a prey to myself and to my memory—to reflection, which embitters the source of suffering, and thought, which brings distraction. Horses on to Paris! Vite! Vite!

Paris, 28.—What said the witty Frenchwoman?—*Paris est le lieu du monde où l'on peut le mieux se passer de bonheur*;—in that case it will suit me admirably.

29.—We walked and drove about all day: I was amused. I marvel at my own versatility when I think how soon my quick spirits were excited by this gay, gaudy, noisy, idle place. The different appearance of the streets of London and Paris is the first thing to strike a stranger. In the gayest and most crowded streets of London the people move steadily and rapidly along, with a grave collected air, as if all had some business in view; *here*, as a little girl observed the other day, all the people walk about “like ladies and gentlemen going a visiting:” the women well-dressed and smiling, and with a certain jaunty air, trip along with their peculiar mincing step, and appear as if their sole object was but to show themselves; the men ill-dressed, slovenly, and in general ill-looking, lounge indolently, and stare as if they had no other purpose in life but to look about them.*

July 12.—“*Quel est à Paris le suprême talent ? celui d’amuser : et quel est le suprême bonheur ? l’amusement.*”

* It must not be forgotten that this was written ten years ago : the aspect of Paris is much changed since *then*.

Then *le suprême bonheur* may be found every evening from nine to ten, in a walk along the Boulevards, or a ramble through the Champs Elysées, and from ten to twelve in a salon at Tortoni's.

What an extraordinary scene was that I witnessed to-night ! how truly *French* ! Spite of myself and all my melancholy musings, and all my philosophic allowances for the difference of national character, I was irresistibly compelled to smile at some of the farcical groups we encountered. In the most crowded parts of the Champs Elysées this evening, (Sunday,) there sat an old lady with a wrinkled yellow face and sharp features, dressed in flounced gown of dirty white muslin, a pink sash and a Leghorn hat and feathers. In one hand she held a small tray for the contribution of amateurs, and in the other an Italian bravura, which she sung or rather screamed out with a thousand indescribable shruggings, contortions, and grimaces, and in a voice to which a cracked tea-kettle, or a "brazen candlestick turned," had seemed the music of the spheres. A little farther on we found two elderly gentlemen playing at see-saw ;

one an immense corpulent man of fifteen stone at least, the other a thin dwarfish animal with grey mustachios, who held before him what I thought was a child, but on approaching, it proved to be a large stone strapped before him, to render his weight a counterpoise to that of his huge companion. We passed on, and returning about half an hour afterwards down the same walk, we found the same venerable pair pursuing their edifying amusement with as much enthusiasm as before.

* * * *

Before the revolution, sacrilege became one of the most frequent crimes. I was told of a man who, having stolen from a church the silver box containing the consecrated wafers, returned the wafers next day in a letter to the Curé of the parish, *having used one of them to seal his envelope.*

* * * *

July 27.—A conversation with S** always leaves me sad. Can it then be possible that he is right? No—O no! my understanding rejects the idea with indignation, my whole heart recoils from it; yet if it should be so! what then: have I

been till now the dupe and the victim of factitious feelings? virtue, honour, feeling, generosity, you are then but words, signifying nothing? Yet if this vain philosophy lead to happiness, would not S** be happy? it is evident he is *not*. When he said that the object existed not in this world which could lead him twenty yards out of his way, did this sound like happiness? I remember that while he spoke, instead of feeling either persuaded or convinced by his captivating eloquence, I was perplexed and distressed; I *suffered* a painful compassion, and tears were in my eyes. I, who so often have pitied myself, pitied him at that moment a thousand times more; I thought, I would not buy tranquillity at such a price as he has paid for it. Yet *if* he should be right? that *if*, which every now and then suggests itself, is terrible; it shakes me in the utmost recesses of my heart.

S**, in spite of myself, and in spite of all that with most perverted pains, he has made himself, (so different from what he once was,) can charm and interest, pain and perplex me:—not so D**, another disciple of the same school: he inspires

me with the strongest antipathy I ever felt for a human being. Insignificant and disagreeable in his appearance, he looks as if all the bile under heaven had found its way into his complexion, and all the infernal irony of a Mephistopheles into his turned-up nose and insolent curled lip. He is, he *says* he is, an atheist, a materialist, a sensualist : the pains he takes to deprave and degrade his nature, render him so disgusting, that I could not even speak in his presence ; I dreaded lest he should enter into conversation with me. I might have spared myself the fear. He piques himself on his utter contempt for, and disregard of, women ; and, after all, is not himself worthy these words I bestow on him.

* * * *

Aug. 25.—Here begins, I hope, a new æra. I have had a long and dangerous illness ; the crisis perhaps of what I have been suffering for months. Contrary to my own wishes, and to the expectations of others, I *live* : and trusting in God that I have been preserved for some wise and good purpose, am therefore thankful : even supposing I should be reserved for new trials, I cannot

surely in this world suffer more than I have suffered : it is not possible that the same causes can be again combined to afflict me.

How truly can I say, few and evil have my days been ! may I not say as truly, I have not weakly yielded, I have not “ gone about to cause my heart to despair,” but have striven, and not in vain ? I took the remedies they gave me, and was grateful ; I resigned myself to *live*, when had I but willed it, I might have died ; and when to die and be at rest, seemed to my sick heart the only covetable boon.

Sept. 3.—A terrible anniversary at Paris—still ill and very weak. Edmonde came, “ pour me desennuyer.” He has soul enough to bear a good deal of wearing down ; but whether the fine qualities he possesses will turn to good or evil, is hard to tell : it is evident his character has not yet settled : it vibrates still as nature inclines him to good, and all the circumstances around him to evil. We talked as usual of women, of gallantry, of the French and English character, of national prejudices, of Shakspeare and Racine, (never fail-

ing subjects of discussion,) and he read aloud Delille's *Catacombs de Rome*, with great feeling, animation, and dramatic effect.

La mode at Paris is a spell of wondrous power : it is most like what we should call in England a rage, a mania, a torrent sweeping down the bounds between good and evil, sense and nonsense, upon whose surface straws and egg-shells float into notoriety, while the gold and the marble are buried and hidden till its force be spent. The rage for cashmeres and little dogs has lately given way to a rage for *Le Solitaire*, a romance written, I believe, by a certain Vicomte d'Arincourt. *Le Solitaire* rules the imagination, the taste, the dress of half Paris : if you go to the theatre, it is to see the "*Solitaire*," either as tragedy, opera, or melodrame ; the men dress their hair and throw their cloaks about them *à la Solitaire* ; bonnets and caps, flounces and ribbons, are all *à la Solitaire* ; the print shops are full of scenes from *Le Solitaire* ; it is on every toilette, on every work-table ; —ladies carry it about in their reticules to show each other that they are *à la mode* ; and the men

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—what can they do but humble their understandings and be *extasiés*, when beautiful eyes sparkle in its defence and glisten in its praise, and ruby lips pronounce it divine, delicious, “quelle sublimité dans les descriptions, quelle force dans les caractères ! quelle âme ! feu ! chaleur ! verve ! originalité ! passion !” &c.

“ Vous n’avez pas lu le Solitaire ?” said Madame M. yesterday. “ Eh mon dieu ! il est donc possible ! vous ? mais, ma chère, vous êtes perdue de réputation, et pour jamais !”

• To retrieve my lost reputation, I sat down to read *Le Solitaire*, and as I read my amazement grew, and I did in “ gaping wonderment abound,” to think that fashion, like the insane root of old, had power to drive a whole city mad with nonsense ; for such a tissue of abominable absurdities, bombast and blasphemy, bad taste and bad language, was never surely indited by any madman, in or out of Bedlam : not Maturin himself, that king of fustian,

“ ——— ever wrote or borrowed

Any thing half so horrid !”

and this is the book which has turned the brains

of half Paris, which has gone through fifteen editions in a few weeks, which not to admire is "*pitoyable*," and not to have read "*quelque chose d'inouïe*."

The objects at Paris which have most struck me, have been those least vaunted.

The view of the city from the Pont des Arts, to-night, enchanted me. As every body who goes to Rome views the Coliseum by moonlight, so nobody should leave Paris without seeing the effect from the Pont des Arts, on a fine moonlight night:—

"Earth hath not any thing to show more fair."

It is singular I should have felt its influence at such a moment: it appears to me that those who, from feeling too strongly, have learnt to consider too deeply, become less sensible to the works of art, and more alive to nature. Are there not times when we turn with indifference from the finest picture or statue—the most improving book—the most amusing poem; and when the very commonest, and every-day beauties of nature, a soft evening, a lovely landscape, the moon riding

in her glory through a clouded sky, without forcing or asking attention, sink into our hearts? They do not console,—they sometimes add poignancy to pain; but still they have a power, and do not speak in vain: they become a part of us; and never are we so inclined to claim kindred with nature, as when sorrow has lent us her mournful experience. At the time I felt this (and how many have felt it as deeply, and expressed it better!) I did not *think* it, still less could I have *said* it; but I have pleasure in recording the past impression. “On rend mieux compte de ce qu’on a senti que de ce qu’on sent.”

* * * *

September 8.—Paris is crowded with English; and I do not wonder at it; it is, on the whole, a pleasant place to live in. I like Paris, though I shall quit it without regret as soon as I have strength to travel. Here the social arts are carried to perfection—above all, the art of conversation: every one talks much and talks well. In this multiplicity of words it must happen of course that a certain quantum of ideas is intermixed: and somehow or other, by dint of listen-

ing, talking, and looking about them, people *do* learn, and information to a certain point is general. Those who have knowledge are not shy of imparting it, and those who are ignorant take care not to seem so ; but are sometimes agreeable, often amusing, and seldom *bêtes*. Nowhere have I seen unformed sheepish boys, nowhere the surliness, awkwardness, ungraciousness, and uneasy proud bashfulness, I have seen in the best companies in England. Our French friend Lucien has, at fifteen, the air and conversation of a finished gentleman ; and our English friend C—— is at eighteen, the veriest log of a lumpish school-boy that ever entered a room. What I have seen of society, I like : the delicious climate too, the rich skies, the clear elastic atmosphere, the *out of doors* life the people lead, are all (in summer at least) delightful. There may be less *comfort* here ; but nobody feels the want of it ; and there is certainly more amusement—and amusement is here truly “le suprême bonheur.” Happiness, according to the French meaning of the word, lies more on the surface of life : it is a sort of happiness which is cheap and ever at hand. This is

the place to live in for the merry poor man, or the melancholy rich one: for those who have too much money, and those who have too little; for those who only wish, like the Irishman, "to live all the days of their life,"—*prendre en légère monnaie la somme des plaisirs*: but to the thinking, the feeling, the domestic man, who only exists, enjoys, suffers through his affections—

"Who is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove—"

to such a one, Paris must be nothing better than a vast frippery shop, an ever-varying galantee-show, an eternal vanity fair, a vortex of folly, a pandemonium of vice.

September 18.—Our imperials are packed, our passports signed, and we set off to-morrow for Geneva by Dijon and the Jura. I leave nothing behind me to regret, I see nothing before me to fear, and have no hope but in change: and now all that remains to be said of Paris, and all its wonders and all its vanities, all its glories and all its gaieties, are they not recorded in the ponderous chronicles of most veracious tourists—and what can I add thereto?

* * * *

Geneva, Saturday Night, 11 o'clock.

Can it be the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" I hear from my window? Shall I hear it to-morrow, when I wake? Have I seen, have I felt the reality of what I have so often imagined? and much, *much* more? How little do I feel the contretemps and privations which affect others—and feel them *only* because they affect others! To me they are nothing: I have in a few hours stored my mind with images of beauty and grandeur which will last through my whole existence.

* * * *

Yet I know I am not singular; others have felt the same: others, who, capable of "drinking in the soul of things," have viewed nature less with their eyes than their hearts. Now I feel the value of my own enthusiasm; now am I repaid in part for many pains and sorrows and errors it has cost me. Though the natural expression of that enthusiasm be now repressed and restrained, and my spirits subdued by long illness, what but enthusiasm could elevate my mind to a level with

the sublime objects round me, and excite me to pour out my whole heart in admiration as I do now ! How deeply they have penetrated into my imagination !—Beautiful nature ! If I could but infuse into you a portion of my own existence, as you have become a part of mine—if I could but bid you reflect back my soul, as it reflects back all your magnificence, I would make you my only friend, and wish no other ; content “to love earth only for its earthly sake.”

I am so tired to-night, I can say nothing of the Jura, nor of the superb ascent of the mountain, to me so novel, so astonishing a scene ; nor of the cheerful brilliance of the morning sun, illuminating the high cliffs, and throwing the deep woody vallies into the darkest shadow ; nor of the far distant plains of France seen between the hills, and melting away into a soft vapoury light ; nor of Morey, and its delicious strawberries and honey-comb ; nor of that never-to-be-forgotten moment, when turning the corner of the road, as it wound round a cliff near the summit, we beheld the lake and city of Geneva spread at our feet, with its magnificent back-ground of the

Italian Alps, peak beyond peak, snow-crowned ! and Mont Blanc towering over all ! No description had prepared me for this prospect ; and the first impression was rapturous surprise : but by degrees the vastness and the huge gigantic features of the scene, pressed like a weight upon “ my amazed sprite,” and the feeling of its immense extent fatigued my imagination, till my spirits gave way in tears. Then came remembrances of those I ought to forget, blending with all I saw a deeper power—raising up emotions, long buried though not dead, to fright me with their resurrection. I was so glad to arrive here, and shall be so glad to sleep—even the dull sleep which laudanum brings me.

Oct. 1.—When next I submit (having the power to avoid it,) to be crammed into a carriage, and carried from place to place, whether I would or not, and be set down at the stated *points de vue*, while a detestable laquais points out what I am to admire, I shall deserve to endure again what I endured to-day. As there was no possibility of relief, I resigned myself to my fate, and was even amused by the absurdity of my own

situation. We went to see the junction of the Arve and the Rhone: or rather to see the Arve pollute the rich, blue, transparent Rhone, with its turbid waters. The day was heavy, and the clouds rolled in prodigious masses along the dark sides of the mountains, frequently hiding them from our view, and substituting for their graceful outlines and ever-varying contrast of tint and shade, an impenetrable veil of dark grey vapour.

3rd.—We took a boat and rowed on the lake for about two hours. Our boatman, a fine handsome athletic figure, was very talkative and intelligent. He had been in the service of Lord Byron, and was with him in that storm between La Meillerie and St. Gingough, which is described in the third canto of *Childe Harold*. He pointed out, among the beautiful villas, which adorn the banks on either side, that in which the empress Josephine had resided for six months, not long before her death. When he spoke of her, he rested upon his oars to descant upon her virtues, her generosity, her affability, her goodness to the poor, and his countenance became quite animated with enthusiasm. Here, in France,

wherever the name of Josephine is mentioned, there seems to exist but one feeling, one opinion of her beneficence and *amabilité* of character. Our boatman had also rowed Marie Louise across the lake, on her way to Paris: he gave us no very captivating picture of her. He described her as "*grande, blonde, bien faite, et extrêmement fière*:" and told us how she tormented her ladies in waiting; "*comme elle tracassait ses dames d'honneur*." The day being rainy and gloomy, her attendants begged of her to defer the passage for a short time, till the fogs had cleared away, and discovered all the beauty of the surrounding shores. She replied haughtily and angrily, "*Je veux faire ce que je veux—allez toujours*."

M. le Baron M——n, whom we knew at Paris, told me several delightful anecdotes of Josephine: he was attached to her household, and high in her confidence. Napoleon sent him on the very morning of his second nuptials, with a message and billet to the ex-empress. On hearing that the ceremony was performed which had passed her sceptre into the hands of the proud, cold-hearted Austrian, the feelings of the *woman* over-

came every other. She burst into tears, and wringing her hands, exclaimed "Ah ! au moins, qu'il soit heureux !" Napoleon resigned this estimable and amiable creature to narrow views of selfish policy, and with her his good genius fled : he deserved it, and verily he hath had his reward.

We drove after dinner to Copet ; and the Duchess de Broglie being absent, had an opportunity of seeing the chateau. All things "were there of her"—of her, whose genuine worth excused, whose all-commanding talents threw into shade those failings which belonged to the weakness of her sex, and her warm feelings and imagination. The servant girl who showed us the apartments had been fifteen years in Madame de Staël's service. All the servants had remained long in the family, "elle était si bonne et si charmante maitresse !" A picture of Madame de Stael when young, gave me the idea of a fine countenance and figure, though the features were irregular. In the bust, the expression is not so prepossessing :—*there* the colour and brilliance of her splendid dark eyes, the finest feature of her face, are of course quite lost. The bust of

M. Rocca* was standing in the Baron de Staël's dressing-room: I was more struck with it than any thing I saw, not only as a chef d'œuvre, but from the perfect and regular beauty of the head, and the charm of the expression. It was just such a mouth as we might suppose to have uttered his well-known reply—" *Je l'aimerai tellement, qu'elle finira par m'aimer.*" Madame de Staël had a son by this marriage, who had just been brought home by his brother, the Baron, from a school in the neighbourhood. He is about seven years old. If we may believe the servant, Madame de Stael did not acknowledge this son till just before her death; and she described the wonder of the boy on being brought home to the chateau, and desired to call *Monsieur le Baron* "Mon frère" and "Auguste." This part of Madame de Stael's conduct seems incomprehensible; but her death is recent, the circumstances little known, and it is difficult to judge her motives. As a *woman*, as a *wife*, she might not have been able to brave "the world's dread laugh"—but as a *mother*?—

We have also seen Ferney—a place which did

* By Christian Friederich Tieck.

not interest me much, for I have no sympathies with Voltaire:—and some other beautiful scenes in the neighbourhood.

The Panorama exhibited in London just before I left it, is wonderfully correct, with one pardonable exception: the artist did not venture to make the waters of the lake of the intense ultramarine tinged with violet as I now see them before me;

“So darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;”

it would have shocked English eyes as an exaggeration, or rather impossibility.

THE PANORAMA OF LAUSANNE.

Now blest for ever be that heaven-sprung art.
Which can transport us in its magic power
From all the turmoil of the busy crowd,
From the gay haunts where pleasure is ador'd,
'Mid the hot sick'ning glare of pomp and light;
And fashion worshipp'd by a gaudy throng
Of heartless idlers—from the jarring world
And all its passions, follies, cares, and crimes—
And bids us gaze, even in the city's heart,
On such a scene as this! O fairest spot!
If but the pictured semblance, the dead image
Of thy majestic beauty, hath a power

To wake such deep delight ; if that blue lake,
 Over whose lifeless breast no breezes play,
 Those mimic mountains robed in purple light,
 Yon painted verdure that but *seems* to glow,
 Those forms unbreathing, and those motionless woods,
 A beauteous mockery all—can ravish thus,
 What would it be, could we now gaze indeed
 Upon thy *living* landscape ? could we breathe
 Thy mountain air, and listen to thy waves,
 As they run rippling past our feet, and see
 That lake lit up by dancing sunbeams—and
 Those light leaves quivering in the summer air ;
 Or linger some sweet eve just on this spot
 Where now we *seem* to stand, and watch the stars
 Flash into splendour, one by one, as night
 Steals over yon snow-peaks, and twilight fades
 Behind the steeps of Jura ! here, O *here* !
 'Mid scenes where Genius, Worth and Wisdom dwelt,*
 Which fancy peopled with a glowing train
 Of most divine creations—Here to stray
 With *one* most cherished, and in loving eyes
 Read a sweet comment on the wonders round—
 Would this indeed be bliss ? would not the soul
 Be lost in its own depths ? and the full heart
 Languish with sense of beauty unexpressed,
 And faint beneath its own excess of life ?

* “ Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and De Staël,

“ Leman ! those names are worthy of thy shore.”

LORD BYRON.

Saturday.—Quitted Geneva, and slept at St. Maurice. I was ill during the last few days of our stay, and therefore left Geneva with the less regret. I suffer now so constantly, that a day tolerably free from pain seems a blessing for which I can scarce be sufficiently thankful. Such was yesterday.

Our road lay along the south bank of the lake, through Evian, Thonon, St. Gingough: and on the opposite shores we had in view successively, Lausanne, Vevai, Clarens, and Chillon. A rain storm pursued, or almost surrounded us the whole morning; but we had the good fortune to escape it. We travelled faster than it could pursue, and it seemed to retire before us as we approached. The effect was surprisingly beautiful; for while the two extremities of the lake were discoloured and enveloped in gloom, that part opposite to us was as blue and transparent as heaven itself, and almost as bright. Over Vevai, as we viewed it from La Meillerie, rested one end of a glorious rainbow; the other extremity appeared to touch the bosom of the lake, and shone vividly against the dark mountains above Chillon. La Meillerie

—Vevai ! what magic in those names ! and O what a power has genius to hallow with its lovely creations, scenes already so lavishly adorned by Nature ! it was not, however, of St. Preux I thought, as I passed under the rock of the Meillerie. Ah ! how much of happiness, of enjoyment, have I lost, in being forced to struggle against my feelings, instead of abandoning myself to them ! but surely I have done right. Let me repeat it again and again to myself, and let that thought, if possible, strengthen and console me.

Monday.—I have resolved to attempt no description of scenery ; but my pen is fascinated. I *must* note a few of the objects which struck me to-day and yesterday, that I may at will combine them hereafter to my mind's eye, and recall the glorious pictures I beheld, as we travelled through the Vallais to Brig : the swollen and turbid, (no longer “ blue and arrowy”) Rhone, rushing and roaring along ; the gigantic mountains in all their endless variety of fantastic forms, which enclosed us round,—their summits now robed in curling clouds, and then, as the winds swept them aside, glittering in the sunshine ; the little villages

perched like eagles' nests on the cliffs, far, far above our heads; the deep rocky channels through which the torrents had madly broken a way, tearing through every obstacle till they reached the Rhone, and marking their course with devastation; the scene of direful ruin at Martigny; the cataracts gushing, bounding from the living rock and plunging into some unseen abyss below; even the shrubs and the fruit trees which in the wider parts of the valley bordered the road side; the vines, the rich scarlet barberries, the apples and pears which we might have gathered by extending our hands;—all and each, when I recall them, will rise up a vivid picture before my own fancy;—but never could be truly represented to the mind of another—at least through the medium of words.

And yet, with all its wonders and beauties, this day's journey has not enchanted me like Saturday's. The scenery *then* had a different species of beauty, a deeper interest—when the dark blue sky was above our heads, and the transparent lake shone another heaven at our feet, and the recollection of great and glorious names, and visions of poetic fancy, and ideal forms more lovely than ever trod

this earth, hovered around us :—and then those thoughts which would intrude—remembrances of the far-off absent, who are or have been loved, mingled with the whole, and shed an imaginary splendour or a tender interest, over scenes which required no extraneous powers to enhance their native loveliness,—no charm borrowed from imagination to embellish the all-beautiful reality.

Duomo d'Ossola.—What shall I say of the marvellous, the miraculous Simplon? Nothing : every body has said already, every thing that *can* be said and *exclaimed*.

In our descent, as the valley widened, and the stern terrific features of the scene assumed a gentler character, we came to the beautiful village of Davedro, with its cottages and vineyards spread over a green slope, between the mountains and the torrent below. This lovely nook struck me the more from its contrast with the region of snows, clouds, and barren rocks, to which our eyes had been for several hours accustomed. In such a spot as Davedro I fancied I should wish to *live*, could I in life assemble round me all that my craving heart and boundless spirit desire ;—*or die*, when

life had exhausted all excitement, and the subdued and weary soul had learned to be content with repose:—but not till *then*.

We are now in Italy; but have not yet heard the soft sounds of the Italian language. However, we read with great satisfaction the Italian denomination of our Inn, “La grande Alberga della Villa”—called out “Cameriere!” instead of “Garçon!”—plucked ripe grapes as they hung from the treillages above our heads—gathered green figs from the trees, bursting and luscious—panted with the intense heat—intense and overpowering from its contrast with the cold of the Alpine regions we had just left—and fancied we began to feel

———cette vie enivrante,
Que le soleil du sud inspire à tous les sens.

* * * * *

11 *at night*.—Fatigue and excitement have lately proved too much for me: but I will not sink. I will yet bear up; and when a day thus passed amid scenes like those of romance, amid all that would once have charmed my imagination, and enchanted my senses, brings no real pleasure,

but is ended, as *now* it ends, in tears, in bitterness of heart, in languor, in sickness, and in pain—ah ! let me remember the lesson of resignation I have lately learned ; and by elevating my thoughts to a better world, turn to look upon the miserable affections which have agitated me *here* as ——*

Could I but become as insensible, as regardless of the painful past as I am of the all lovely present ! Why was I proud of my victory over passion ? alas ! what avails it that I have shaken the viper from my hand, if I have no miraculous antidote against the venom which has mingled with my life-blood, and clogged the pulses of my heart ! But the antidote of Paul—even faith—may it not be mine if I duly seek it ?

* * * * *

Arona on the Banks of the Lago Maggiore.

Rousseau mentions somewhere, that it was once his intention to place the scene of the *Héloïse* in the Borromean Islands. What a French idea ! How strangely incongruous had the pastoral sim-

* The sentence which follows is so blotted as to be illegible.—ED.

plicity of his lovers appeared in such a scene ! It must have changed, if not the whole plan, at least the whole colouring of the tale. Imagine *la divine JULIE* tripping up and down the artificial terraces of the Isola Bella, among flower pots and statues, and colonnades and grottos ; and St. Preux sighing towards her, from some trim fantastic wilderness in the Isola Madre !

. The day was heavenly, and I shall never forget the sunset, as we viewed it reflected in the lake, which appeared at one moment an expanse of living fire. This is the first we have seen of those effulgent sunsets with which Italy will make us familiar.

Milan.—Our journey yesterday, through the flat fertile plains of Lombardy, was not very interesting ; and the want of novelty and excitement made it fatiguing, in spite of the matchless roads and the celerity with which we travelled.

Whatever we may think of Napoleon in England, it is impossible to travel on the continent, and more particularly through Lombardy, without being struck with the magnificence and vastness of his public works—either designed or executed.

He is more regretted here than in France ; or rather he has not been so soon banished from men's minds. In Italy he followed the rational policy of depressing the nobles, and providing occupation and amusement for the lower classes. I spoke to-day with an intelligent artisan, who pointed out to us a hall built near the public walk by Napoleon, for the people to dance and assemble in, when the weather was unfavourable. The man concluded some very animated and sensible remarks on the late events, by adding expressively, that though many had been benefited by the change, there was to him and all others of his class as much difference between the late reign and the present, as between *l'or et le fer*.

The silver shrine of St. Carlo Borromeo, with all its dazzling waste of magnificence, struck me with a feeling of melancholy and indignation. The gems and gold which lend such a horrible splendour to corruption ; the skeleton head, grinning ghastly under its invaluable coronet ; the skeleton hand supporting a crozier glittering with diamonds, appeared so frightful, so senseless a mockery of the excellent, simple-minded, and benevolent being

they were intended to honour, that I could but wonder, and escape from the sight as quickly as possible. The Duomo is on the whole more remarkable for the splendour of the material, than the good taste with which it is employed: the statues which adorn it inside and out, are sufficient of themselves to form a very respectable congregation: they are four thousand in number.

9th. Tuesday.—We gave the morning to the churches, and the evening to the Ambrosian library. The day was, on the whole, more fatiguing than edifying or amusing. I remarked whatever was remarkable, admired all that is usually admired, but brought away few impressions of novelty or pleasure. The objects which principally struck my capricious and fastidious fancy, were precisely those which passed unnoticed by every one else; and are not worth recording. In the first church we visited, I saw a young girl respectably, and even elegantly dressed, in the beautiful costume of the Milanese, who was kneeling on the pavement before a crucifix, weeping bitterly, and at the same time fanning herself most vehemently with a large green fan. Another

ture; for the face of Hagar has haunted me sleeping and waking ever since I beheld it. Marvelous power of art! that mere inanimate forms, and colours compounded of gross materials, should thus live—thus speak—thus stand a soul-felt presence before us, and from the senseless board or canvas, breathe into our hearts a feeling, beyond what the most impassioned eloquence could ever inspire—beyond what mere words can ever render.

Last night and the preceding we spent at the Scala. The opera was stupid, and Madame Bellocchi, who is the present prima donna, appeared to me harsh and ungraceful, when compared to Fodor. The new ballet, however, amply indemnified us for the disappointment.

Our Italian friends consoled with us on being a few days too late to see *La Vestale*, which had been performed for sixty nights, and is one of Viganò's masterpieces. I thought the *Didone Abbandonata* left us nothing to regret. The immense size of the stage, the splendid scenery, the classical propriety and magnificence of the dresses, the fine music, and the exquisite acting, (for there is very little dancing,) all conspired to render it

enchanting. The celebrated cavern scene, in the fourth book of Virgil, is rather too closely copied in a most inimitable *pas de deux*; so closely, indeed, that I was considerably alarmed *pour les bienséances*: but little Ascanius, who is asleep in a corner, (Heaven knows how he came there,) wakes at the critical moment, and the impending catastrophe is averted. Such a scene, however beautiful, would not, I think, be endured on the English stage. I observed that when it began, the curtains in front of the boxes were withdrawn, the whole audience, who seemed to be expecting it, was hushed; the deepest silence, the most delighted attention prevailed during its performance; and the moment it was over, a third of the spectators departed. I am told this is always the case; and that in almost every ballet d'action, the public are gratified by a scene, or scenes, of a similar tendency.

The second time I saw the *Didone*, my attention, in spite of the fascination of the scene, was attracted towards a box near us, which was occupied by a noble English family just arrived at Milan. In the front of the box sat a beautiful

girl, apparently not fifteen, with laughing lips and dimpled cheeks, the very personification of blooming, innocent, *English* loveliness. I watched her (I could not help it, when my interest was once awakened,) through the whole scene. I marked her increased agitation: I saw her cheeks flush, her eyes glisten, her bosom flutter, as if with sighs I could not overhear, till at length, overpowered with emotion, she turned away her head, and covered her eyes with her hand. Mothers!—English mothers! who bring your daughters abroad to finish their education—do ye well to expose them to scenes like these, and *force* the young bud of early feeling in such a precious hot-bed as this?—Can a finer finger on the piano,—a finer taste in painting, or any possible improvement in foreign arts, and foreign graces, compensate for one taint on that moral purity, which has ever been (and may it ever be!) the boast, the charm of Englishwomen? But what have I to do with all this?—I came here to be amused and to forget:—not to moralize, or to criticise.

Vigano, who is lately dead, composed the *Didone Abbandonata*, as well as *La Vestale*,

Otello, Nina, and others. All his ballets are celebrated for their classical beauty and interest. This man, though but a dancing-master, must have had the soul of a painter, a musician, and a poet in one. He must have been a perfect master of design, grouping, contrast, picturesque, and scenic effect. He must have had the most exquisite feeling for musical expression, to adapt it so admirably to his purposes; and those gestures and movements with which he has so gracefully combined it, and which address themselves but too powerfully to the senses and the imagination—what are they, but the very “poetry of motion,” *la poésie mise en action*, rendering words a superfluous and feeble medium in comparison?

I saw at the mint yesterday the medal struck in honour of Vigano, bearing his head on one side, and on the other, Prometheus chained; to commemorate his famous ballet of that name. One of these medals, struck in gold, was presented to him in the name of the government:—a singular distinction for a dancing-master;—but Vigano was a dancing-master of *genius*; and this is the land, where genius in every shape is deified.

The enchanting music of the *Prometteo* by Beethoven, is well known in England, but to produce the ballet on our stage, as it was exhibited here, would be impossible. The entire tribe of our dancers and figurantes, with their jumpings, twirlings, quiverings, and pirouettings, must be first annihilated ; and Vigano, or Didelot, or Noverre rise again to inform the whole corps de ballet with another soul and the whole audience with another spirit :—for

—“ Poiche paga il volgo sciocco, é giusto
Scioccamente ‘ballar’ per dargli gusto.”

The Theatre of the Scala, notwithstanding the vastness of my expectations, did not disappoint me. I heard it criticised as being dark and gloomy ; for only the stage is illuminated : but when I remember how often I have left our English theatres with dazzled eyes and aching head,—distracted by the multiplicity of objects and faces, and “ blasted with excess of light,”—I feel reconciled to this peculiarity ; more especially as it heightens beyond measure the splendour of the stage effect.

We have the Countess Bubna's box while we are here. She scarcely ever goes herself, being obliged to hold a sort of military drawing-room almost every evening. Her husband, General Bubna, has the command of the Austrian forces in the north of Italy: and though the Archduke Réinier is nominal viceroy, all real power seems lodged in Bubna's hands. He it was who suppressed the insurrection in Piedmont during the last struggle for liberty: 'twas his vocation—more the pity. Eight hundred of the Milanese, at the head of them Count Melzi, were connected with the Carbonari and the Piedmontese insurgents. On Count Bubna's return from his expedition, a list of these malcontents being sent to him by the police, he refused even to look at it, and merely saying that it was the business of the police to *surveiller* those persons, but *he* must be allowed to be ignorant of their names, publicly tore the paper. The same night he visited the theatre, accompanied by Count Melzi, was received with acclamations, and has since been deservedly popular.

Bubna is a heavy gross-looking man, a victim

to the gout, and with nothing martial or captivating in his exterior. He has talents, however, and those not only of a military cast. He was generally employed to arrange the affairs of the Emperor of Austria with Napoleon. His loyalty to his own sovereign, and the soldier-like frankness and integrity of his character, gained him the esteem of the French emperor; who, when any difficulties occurred in their arrangements, used to say impatiently—"Envoyez-moi donc Bubna!"

The count is of an illustrious family of Alsace, which removed to Bohemia when that province was ceded to France. He had nearly ruined himself by gambling, when the emperor (so it is said) advised him, or, in other words, commauded him to marry the daughter of one Arnvelt or Arnfeldt, a baptized Jew, who had been servant to a Jewish banker at Vienna; and on his death left a million of florins to each of his daughters. He was a man of the lowest extraction, and without any education; but having sense enough to feel its advantages, he gave a most brilliant one to his daughters. The Countess Bubna is an elegant, an accomplished, and has the character of being

also an amiable woman. She is here a person of the very first consequence, the wife of the archduke alone taking precedence of her. Apropos of the viceroy, when on the Corso to-day with the Countess Bubna, we met him with the *vice-queen*, as she is styled here, walking in public. The archduke has not (as the countess observed) *la plus jolie tournure du monde*: his appearance is heavy, awkward, and slovenly, with more than the usual Austrian stupidity of countenance: a complete *testa tedesca*. His beautiful wife, the Princess Maria of Savoy, to whom he has been married only a few months, held his arm; and as she moved a little in front, seemed to drag him after her like a mere appendage to her state. I gazed after them, amused by the contrast: he looking like a dull, stiff, old bachelor, the very figure of Moody in the Country Girl;—she, an elegant, sprightly, captivating creature; decision in her step, laughter on her lips, and pride, intelligence, and mischief in her brilliant eyes.

* * * *

We visited yesterday the military college,

A shadow hath fallen
O'er my young years ;
And hopes when brightest,
Were quench'd in tears.

I make no plaint—
I breathe no sigh—
My lips can smile,
And mine eyes are dry.

I ask no pity,
I hope no cure—
The heart, tho' broken,
Can live, and endure !

We left Milan two days ago, and arrived early the same day at Brescia : there is, I believe, very little to see there, and of that little, I saw nothing,—being too ill and too low for the slightest exertion. The only pleasurable feeling I can remember was excited by our approach to the Alps, after traversing the flat, fertile, uninteresting plains of Lombardy. The peculiar sensation of elevation and delight, inspired by mountain scenery, can only be understood by those who have felt it : at least I never had formed

an idea of it till I found myself ascending the Jura.

But Brescia ought to be immortalized in the history of our travels: for there, stalking down the Corso—*le nez en l'air*—we met our acquaintance L——, from whom we had parted last on the pavé of Piccadilly. I remember that in London I used to think him not remarkable for wisdom,—and his travels have infinitely improved him—in folly. He boasted to us triumphantly that he had run over sixteen thousand miles in sixteen months: that he had bowed at the levée of the Emperor Alexander,—been slapped on the shoulder by the Archduke Constantine,—shaken hands with a Lapland witch,—and been presented in full volunteer uniform at every court between Stockholm and Milan. Yet is he not one particle wiser than if he had spent the same time in walking up and down the Strand. He has contrived, however, to pick up on his tour, strange odds and ends of foreign follies, which stick upon the coarse-grained materials of his own John Bull character like tinfoil upon sackcloth: so that I see little difference between what he was,

and what he is, except that from a *simple* goose,—he has become a compound one. With all this, L—— is not unbearable—not *yet* at least. He amuses others as a butt—and me as a specimen of a new genus of fools: for his folly is not like any thing one usually meets with. It is not, *par exemple*, the folly of stupidity, for he talks much; nor of dullness, for he laughs much; nor of ignorance, for he has seen much; nor of wrong-headedness, for he can be guided right; nor of bad-heartedness, for he is good-natured; nor of thoughtlessness, for he is prudent; nor of extravagance, for he can calculate even to the value of half a lira: but it is an essence of folly, peculiar to himself, and like Monsieur Jaques's melancholy, “compounded of many simples, extracted from various objects, and the sundry contemplation of his travels.” So much, for the present, of our friend L——.

We left Brescia early yesterday morning, and after passing Desenzano, came in sight of the Lago di Garda. I had from early associations a delightful impression of the beauty of this lake, and it did not disappoint me. It is far superior, I

think, to the Lago Maggiore, because the scenery is more *resserré*, lies in a smaller compass, so that the eye takes in the separate features more easily. The mountains to the north are dark, broken and wild in their forms, and their bases seemed to extend to the water edge: the hills to the south are smiling, beautiful, and cultivated, studded with white flat-roofed buildings, which glitter one above another in the sunshine. Our drive along the promontory of Sirmione, to visit the ruins of the Villa of Catullus, was delightful. The fresh breeze which ruffled the dark blue lake, revived my spirits, and chased away my head-ache. I was inclined to be enchanted with all I saw; and when our guide took us into an old cellar choked with rubbish, and assured us gravely that it was the very spot in which Catullus had written his Odes to Lesbia, I did not laugh in his face; for, after all, it would be as easy to prove that *it is*, as that it is *not*. The old town and castle of Sirmio are singularly picturesque, whether viewed from above or below; and the grove of olives which crowned the steep extremity of the promontory, interested us, being

the first we had seen in Italy: on the whole I fully enjoyed the early part of this day.

At Peschiera, which is strongly fortified, we crossed the Mincio.—

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth flowing Mincius crowned with vocal reeds.

Its waters were exquisitely transparent; but it was difficult to remember its poetical pretensions, in sight of those odious barracks and batteries. The reeds mentioned by Virgil and Milton still flourish upon its banks, and I forgave them for spoiling in some degree the beauty of the shore, when I thought of Adelaïde of Burgundy, who concealed herself among them for three days, when she fled from the dungeon of Peschiera to the arms of her lover. I was glad I had read her story in Gibbon, since it enabled me to add to classical and poetical associations, an interest at once romantic and real.

The rest to-morrow—for I can write no more.

At Verona, Oct. 20.

I had just written the above when I was startled by a mournful strain from a chorus of voices, raised at intervals, and approaching

gradually nearer. I walked to the window, and saw a long funeral procession just entering the church, which is opposite to the door of our inn. I immediately threw over me a veil and shawl, followed it, and stood by while the service was chaunted over the dead. The scene, as viewed by the light of about two hundred tapers, which were carried by the assistants, was as new to me as it was solemn and striking: but it was succeeded by a strange and forlorn contrast. The moment the service was over, the tapers were suddenly extinguished; the priests and the relatives all disappeared in an inconceivably short time, and before I was quite aware of what was going forward: the coffin, stripped of its embroidered pall and garlands of flowers, appeared a mere chest of deal boards, roughly nailed together; and was left standing on tressels, bare, neglected, and forsaken in the middle of the church. I approached it almost fearfully, and with a deeper emotion than I believed such a thing could now excite within me. And here, thought I, rests the human being, who has lived and loved, suffered and enjoyed, and, if I may

judge by the splendour of his funeral rites, has been honoured, served, flattered while living:— and now not one remains to shed a last tear over the dead, but a single stranger, a wanderer from a land he perhaps knew not: to whom his very name is unknown! And while thus I moralized, two sextons appeared; and one of them seizing the miserable and deserted coffin, rudely and uncereemoniously flung it on his shoulders, and vanished through a vaulted door; and I returned to my room, to write this, and to think how much better, how much more *humanely*, we manage these things in our own England.

Oct. 21.—Verona is a clean and quiet place, containing some fine edifices by Palladio and his pupils. The principal object of interest is the ancient amphitheatre; the most perfect I believe in Italy. The inner circle, with all its ranges of seats, is entire. We ascended to the top, and looked down into the Piazza d'arme, where several battalions of Austrian soldiers were exercising; their arms glittering splendidly in the morning sun. As I have now been long enough in Italy to sympathize in the national hatred of

the Austrians, I turned from the sight, resolved not to be pleased. The arena of the amphitheatre is smaller, and less oval in form than I had expected: and in the centre, there is a little paltry gaudy wooden theatre for puppets and tumblers,—forming a grotesque contrast to the massive and majestic architecture around it: but even tumblers and puppets, as Rospo observed, are better than wild beasts and ferocious gladiators.

There is also at Verona a triumphal arch to the Emperor Gallienus; the architecture and inscription almost as perfect as if erected yesterday;—and a most singular bridge of three irregular arches, built, I believe, by the Scaligieri family, who were once princes of Verona.

It is well known that the story of Romeo and Juliet is here regarded as a traditionary and indisputable fact, and the tomb of Juliet is shown in a garden near the town. So much has been written and said on this subject, I can add only one observation. To the reality of the story it has been objected that the oldest narrator, Masuccio, relates it as having happened at Sienna: but might he not have heard the tradition at Verona, and transferred the scene to Sienna,

since he represented it as related by a Siennese? —Della Corte, whose history of Verona I have just laid down, mentions it as a real historical event; and Louis da Porta, in his beautiful novel, *la Giulietta*, expressly asserts that he has written it down from tradition. If Shakspeare, as it is said, never saw the novel of Da Porta, how came he by the names of Romeo and Juliet, the Montagues and the Capulets: if he *did* meet with it, how came he to depart so essentially from the story, particularly in the catastrophe? I must get some books, if possible, to clear up these difficulties.

23d, at *Padua*.—We spent yesterday morning pleasantly at *Vicenza*. Palladio's edifices in general disappointed me; partly because I am not architect enough to judge of their merits, partly because, of most of them, the situation is bad, and the materials paltry: but the Olympic theatre, although its solid perspective be a mere trick of the art, surprised and pleased me. It has an air of antique and classic elegance in its decorations, which is very striking. I have heard it criticised as a specimen of bad taste and trickery: but why should its solid scenery be considered more a *trick*, and in bad taste, than a curtain of painted

canvas? In both a deception is practised and intended. We saw many things in Vicenza and its neighbourhood, which I have not time, nor spirits, to dwell upon.

We arrived here (at Padua) last night, and to day I am again ill : unable to see or even to wish to see any thing. My eyes are so full of tears that I can scarcely write. I must lay down my pencil, lest I break through my resolution, and be tempted to record feelings I afterwards tremble to see written down.—O bitter and too lasting remembrance ! I must sleep it away—even the heavy and drug-bought sleep to which I am now reduced, is better than such waking moments as these.

* * * *

Venice, October 25th.

I feel, while I gaze round me, as if I had seen Venice in my dreams—as if it were itself the vision of a dream. We have been here two days ; and I have not yet recovered from my first surprise. All is yet enchantment : all is novel, extraordinary, affecting from the many associations and remembrances excited in the mind. Pleasure

and wonder are tinged with a melancholy interest; and while the imagination is excited, the spirits are depressed.

The morning we left Padua was bright, lovely, and cloudless. Our drive along the shores of the Brenta crowned with innumerable villas and gay gardens was delightful; and the moment of our arrival at Fusina, where we left our carriages to embark in gondolas, was the most auspicious that could possibly have been chosen. It was about four o'clock: the sun was just declining towards the west: the whole surface of the *lagune*, smooth as a mirror, appeared as if paved with fire;—and Venice, with her towers and domes, indistinctly glittering in the distance, rose before us like a gorgeous exhalation from the bosom of the ocean. It is farther from the shore than I expected. As we approached, the splendour faded: but the interest and the wonder grew. I can conceive nothing more beautiful, more singular, more astonishing, than the first appearance of Venice, and sad indeed will be the hour when she sinks (as the poet prophesies) “into the slime of her own canals.”

The moment we had disembarked our luggage at the inn, we hired gondolas and rowed to the Piazza di San Marco. Had I seen the church of St. Mark any where else, I should have exclaimed against the bad taste which every where prevails in it: but Venice is the proper region of the fantastic, and the church of St. Mark—with its four hundred pillars of every different order, colour, and material, its oriental cupolas, and glittering vanes, and gilding and mosaics—assimilates with all around it: and the kind of pleasure it gives is suitable to the place and the people.

After dinner I had a chair placed on the balcony of our inn, and sat for some time contemplating a scene altogether new and delightful. The arch of the Rialto just gleamed through the deepening twilight; long lines of palaces, at first partially illuminated, faded away at length into gloomy and formless masses of architecture; the gondolas glided to and fro, their glancing lights reflected on the water. There was a stillness all around me, solemn and strange in the heart of a great city. No rattling carriages shook the streets, no trampling of horses echoed along the

pavement: the silence was broken only by the melancholy cry of the gondoliers, and the dash of their oars; by the low murmur of human voices, by the chime of the vesper bells, borne over the water, and the sounds of music raised at intervals along the canals. The poetry, the romance of the scene stole upon me unawares. I fell into a reverie, in which visionary forms and recollections gave way to dearer and sadder realities, and my mind seemed no longer in my own power. I called upon the lost, the absent, to share the present with me—I called upon past feelings to enhance that moment's delight. I did wrong—and memory avenged herself as usual. I quitted my seat on the balcony, with despair at my heart, and drawing to the table, took out my books and work. So passed our first evening at Venice.

Yesterday we visited the Accademia where there are some fine pictures. The famous Assumption by Titian is here, and first made me *feel* what connoisseurs mean when they talk of the carnations and draperies of Titian. We were shown two designs for monuments to the memory of Titian, modelled by Canova. Neither of them

has been erected; but the most beautiful, with a little alteration, and the substitution of a lady's bust for Titian's venerable head, has been dedicated, I believe, to the memory of the Archduchess Christina of Austria. I remember also an exquisite Canaletti, quite different in style and subject from any picture of this master I ever saw.

We then rowed to the ducal palace. The council chamber (I thought of Othello as I entered it) is now converted into a library. The walls are decorated with the history of Pope Alexander the Third, and Frederic Barbarossa, painted by the Tintoretti, father and son, Paul Veronese and Palma. Above them, in compartments, hang the portraits of the Doges; among which Marino Faliero is *not*; but his name only, inscribed on a kind of black pall. The Ganymede is a most exquisite little group, attributed to the age of Praxiteles; and not without reason even to the hand of that sculptor.

To-day we visited several churches—rich, on the outside, with all the luxury of architecture,—withinside, gorgeous with painting, sculpture, and many-coloured marbles. The prodigality

with which the most splendid and costly materials are lavished here is perfectly amazing : pillars of lapis-lazuli, columns of Egyptian porphyry, and pavements of mosaic, altars of alabaster ascended by steps incrustcd with agate and jasper :—but to particularize would be in vain. I will only mention three or four which I wish to recollect : the Church of the Madonna della Salute, so called because erected to the Virgin in gratitude for the deliverance of the city from a pestilence, which she miraculously drove into the Adriatic. It is remarkable for its splendid pictures, most of them by Luca Giordano; and the superb high altar. I think it was the Church of the Gesuata which astonished us most. The whole of the inside walls and columns are encrusted with Carrara marble inlaid with verd-antique, in a kind of damask pattern; over the pulpit it fell like drapery, so easy, so graceful, so exquisitely imitated, that I was obliged to touch it to assure myself of the material. Then by way of contrast followed the Church of San Giorgio Maggiore,—one of Palladio's masterpieces. After the dazzling and gorgeous buildings we had left, its beautiful sim-

plicity and correct taste struck me at first with an impression of poverty and coldness. At the Church of St. John and St. Paul is the famous martyrdom, or rather assassination, of St. Peter Martyr, by Titian, one of the most magical pictures in the world. Its tragic horror is redeemed by its sublimity. Here too is a most admirable series of bas-reliefs in white marble, representing the history of our Saviour, the work of a modern sculptor. Here too the Doges are buried; and close to the Church is the equestrian statue of one of the Falieri family: near which Marino Faliero met the conspirators.

At the Frati is the grave of Titian: a small square slab covers him, with this inscription:—

Qui giace il gran Tiziano Vecelli.
Emulator dei Zeusi e degli Apelli.

there is no monument:—and there needs none.

It was, I think, in the Church of St. John and St. Paul, that I saw a singular and beautiful altar of black touch-stone, used when mass is said for the soul of an executed criminal.

This is all I can remember of to-day. I am

fatigued, and my head aches;—my imagination is yet dazzled :—my eyes are tired of admiring, my mind is tired of thinking, and my heart with feeling.—Now for repose.

27.—To-day we visited the Manfrini Palace, the Casa Pisani, the Palazzo Barberigo, and concluded the morning in the colonnade of St. Mark, and the public gardens. The day has been far less fatiguing than yesterday : for though we have seen an equal variety of objects, they forced the attention less, and gratified the imagination more.

At the Manfrini Palace there is the most valuable and splendid collection of pictures I have yet seen in Italy or elsewhere. I have no intention of turning my little Diary into a mere catalogue of names which I can find in every guide-book ; but I cannot pass over Giorgione's beautiful group of himself, and his wife and child, which Lord Byron calls " love at full length and life, not love ideal," and it is indeed exquisite. A female with a guitar by the same master is almost equal to it. There are two Lucretias—one by Guido and one by Giordano : though both are beautiful, particularly the former, there was, I thought, an impropriety

in the conception of both pictures: the figure was too voluptuous—too exposed, and did not give me the idea of the matronly Lucretia, who so carefully arranged her drapery before she fell. I remember, too, a St. Cecilia by Carlo Dolci, of most heavenly beauty,—two Correggios—Iphigenia in Aulis, by Padovanino: in this picture the figure of Agamemnon is a complete failure, but the lifeless beauty of Iphigenia, a wonderful effort of art: and a hundred others at least, all masterpieces.

The Barberigo Palace was the school of Titian. We were shown the room in which he painted, and the picture he left unfinished when he died at the age of 99. It is a David—as vigorous in the touch and style as any of his first pictures.

* * * * *

It is now some days since I had time to write; or rather the intervals of excitement and occupation found me too much exhausted to take up my pencil. Our stay at Venice has been rendered most agreeable by the kindness of Mr. H——, the British Consul, and his amiable and charming wife,

and in their society we have spent much of the last few days.

One of our pleasantest excursions was to the Armenian convent of St. Lazaro, where we were received by Fra Pasquale, an accomplished and intelligent monk, and a particular friend of Mr. H——. After we had visited every part of the convent, the printing press—the library—the laboratory—which contains several fine mathematical instruments of English make; and admired the beautiful little tame gazelle which bounded through the corridors, we were politely refreshed with most delicious sweetmeats and coffee; and took leave of Fra Pasquale with regret.

There is no opera at present, but we have visited both the other theatres. At the San Luca, they gave us “Elizabeth, the Exile of Siberia,” tolerably acted: but there was one trait introduced very characteristic of the place and people: Elizabeth in a tremendous snow storm, is pursued by robbers; and finding a crucifix, erected by the road side, embraces it for protection. The crucifix flies away with her in a clap of thunder, and sets her down safely at a

distance from her persecutors. The audience appeared equally enchanted and edified by this scene: some of the women near me crossed themselves, and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes: the men rose from their seats, clapped with enthusiasm, and shouted "Bravo! Miracolo!"

At the San Benedetto we were gratified by a deep tragedy entitled "Gabrielle Innocente," so exquisitely absurd, and so grotesquely acted, that the best comedy could scarcely have afforded us more amusement,—certainly not more *merriment*. In the course of the evening, coffee and ices were served in our box, as is the custom here.

With Mrs. H—— this evening I had a long and pleasant conversation; she is really one of the most delightful and unaffected women I ever met with: and as there is nothing in my melancholy visage and shrinking reserve to tempt any person to converse with me, I must also set her down as one of the most good-natured. She talked much of Lord Byron, with whom, during his residence here, she was on intimate terms. She spoke of him, not conceitedly as one vain of the acquaintance of a great character; nor with

affected reserve, as if afraid of committing herself—but with openness, animation, and cordial kindness, as one whom she liked, and had reason to like. She says the style of Lord Byron's conversation is very much that of Don Juan: just in the same manner are the familiar, the brilliant, the sublime, the affecting, the witty, the ludicrous, and the licentious, mingled and contrasted. Several little anecdotes which she related I need not write down; I can scarcely forget them, and it would not be quite fair as they were told *en confiance*. I am no anecdote hunter, picking up articles for "my pocket book."

* * * * *

A little while ago Captain F. lent me D'Israeli's Essays on the Literary Character, which had once belonged to Lord Byron; and contained marginal notes in his hand-writing. One or two of them are so curiously characteristic that I copy them here.

The first note is on a passage in which D'Israeli, in allusion to Lord Byron, traces his fondness for oriental scenery to his having read Rycaut at an early age. On this Lord Byron observes,

that he read *every book* relating to the east before he was ten years old, including De Tott and Cantemir as well as Rycaut: at that age, he says that he *detested* all poetry, and adds, "when I was in Turkey, I was oftener tempted to turn mussulman than poet: and have often regretted since that *I did not.*"

At page 99 D'Israeli says,

"The great poetical genius of our times has openly alienated himself from the land of his brothers" (over the word *brothers* Lord Byron has written *Cains.*) "He becomes immortal in the *language* of a *people* whom he would *contemn*, he accepts with ingratitude the fame he loves more than life, and he is only truly great on that *spot* of *earth*, whose genius, when he is no more, will contemplate his shade in sorrow and in anger."

Lord Byron has underlined several words in this passage, and writes thus in the margin:

"What was rumoured of me in that language, if *true*, I was unfit for England; and if *false*, England was unfit for me. But 'there is a world elsewhere.' I have never for an instant regretted

that country,—but often that I ever returned to it. It is not my fault that I am obliged to write in English. If I understood any present language, Italian, for instance, equally well, I would write in it:—but it will require ten years, at least, to form a style. No tongue so easy to acquire a little of, and so difficult to master thoroughly, as Italian.”


The next note is amusing; at page 342 is mentioned the anecdote of Petrarch, who when returning to his native town, was informed that the proprietor of the house in which he was born had *often* wished to make alterations in it, but that the town's-people had risen to insist that the house consecrated by his birth should remain unchanged;—“a triumph,” adds D'Israeli, “more affecting to Petrarch than even his coronation at Rome.”

Lord Byron has written in the margin—“It would have pained *me* more that the proprietor should *often* have wished to make alterations, than it would give me pleasure that the rest of Arezzo rose against his right (for *right* he had:) the depreciation of the lowest of mankind is more

painful, than the applause of the highest is pleasing. The sting of the scorpion is more in *torture* than the possession of any thing short of Venus would be in rapture."

* * * *

The public gardens are the work of the French, and occupy the extremity of one of the islands. They contain the only trees I have seen at Venice:—a few rows of dwarfish unhappy-looking shrubs, parched by the sea breezes, and are little frequented. We found here a solitary gentleman, who was sauntering up and down with his hands in his pockets, and a look at once stupid and disconsolate. Sometimes he paused, looked vacantly over the waters, whistled, yawned, and turned away to resume his solemn walk. On a trifling remark addressed to him by one of our party, he entered into conversation, with all the eagerness of a man, whose tongue had long been kept in most unnatural bondage. He congratulated himself on having met with some one who would speak English; adding contemptuously, that "he understood none of the outlandish tongues the people spoke hereabouts:" he inquired what was to be



seen here, for though he had been four days in Venice, he had spent every day precisely in the same manner; viz. walking up and down the public gardens. We told him Venice was famous for fine buildings and pictures; he knew nothing of *them* things. And that it contained also, "some fine statues and antiques"—he cared nothing about them neither—he should set off for Florence the next morning, and begged to know what was to be seen there? Mr. R—— told him, with enthusiasm, "the most splendid gallery of pictures and statues in the world!" He looked very blank and disappointed. "Nothing else?" then he should certainly not waste his time at Florence, he should go direct to Rome; he had put down the name of that *town* in his pocket-book, for he understood it was a very *convenient* place: he should therefore stay there a week; thence he should go to Naples, a place he had also heard of, where he should stay another week: then he should go to Algiers, where he should stay *three weeks*, and thence to Tunis, where he expected to be very comfortable, and should probably make a long stay; then he should return

home, having seen every thing worth seeing. He scarcely seemed to know how or by what route he had got to Venice—but he assured us he had come “fast enough;”—he remembered no place he had passed through except Paris. At Paris he told us there was a female lodging in the same hotel with himself, who, by his description appears to have been a single lady of rank and fashion, travelling with her own carriages and a suite of servants. He had never seen her; but learning through the domestics that she was travelling the same route, he sat down and wrote her a long letter, beginning “Dear Madam,” and proposing they should join company, “for the sake of good fellowship, and the *bit of chat* they might have on their way.” Of course she took no notice of this strange billet, “from which,” added he, with ludicrous simplicity, “I supposed she would rather travel alone.”

Truly, “Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time.” After this specimen, sketched from life, who will say there are such things as caricatures?

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We visited to-day the Giant's Staircase and the Bridge of Sighs, and took a last farewell of St. Mark—we were surprised to see the church hung with black—the festoons of flowers all removed—masses going forward at several altars, and crowds of people looking particularly solemn and devout. It is the “Giorno dei morte,” the day by the Roman Catholics consecrated to the dead. I observed many persons, both men and women, who wept while they prayed, with every appearance of the most profound grief. Leaving St. Mark, I crossed the square. On the three lofty standards in front of the church formerly floated the ensigns of the three states subject to Venice,—the Morea, Cyprus, and Candia: the bare poles remain, but the ensigns of empire are gone. One of the standards was extended on the ground, and being of immense length, I hesitated for a moment whether I should make a circuit, but at last stepped over it. I looked back with remorse, for it was like trampling over the fallen.

We then returned to our inn to prepare for our departure. How I regret to leave Venice! not the less because I cannot help it.

Rovigo, Nov. 3.

We left Venice in a hurry yesterday, slept at Padua, and travelled this morning through a most lovely country, among the Enganean hills to Rovigo, where we are very uncomfortably lodged at the Albergo di San Marco.

I have not yet recovered my regret at leaving Venice so unexpectedly ; though as a residence, I could scarce endure it ; the sleepy canals, the gliding gondolas in their “ dusk livery of woe ”—the absence of all verdure, all variety—of all *nature*, in short ; the silence, disturbed only by the incessant chiming of bells—and, worse than all, the spectacle of a great city “ expiring,” as Lord Byron says, “ before our eyes,” would give me the horrors : but as a visitor, my curiosity was not half gratified, and I should have liked to have stayed a few days longer—perhaps after all, I have reason to rejoice that instead of bringing away from Venice a disagreeable impression of satiety, disgust, and melancholy, I have quitted it with feelings of admiration, of deep regret, and undiminished interest.

Farewell, then, Venice ! I could not have be-

lieved it possible that it would have brought tears to my eyes to leave a place merely for its own sake, and unendeared by the presence of any one I loved.

As Rovigo affords no other amusement I shall scribble a little longer.

Nothing can be more arbitrary than the Austrian government at Venice. As a summary method of preventing robberies during the winter months, when many of the gondoliers and fishermen are out of employ, the police have orders to arrest, without ceremony, every person who has no permanent trade or profession, and keep them in confinement and to hard labour till the return of spring.

The commerce of Venice has so much and so rapidly declined, that Mr. H—— told us when first he was appointed to the consulship, a hundred and fifty English vessels cleared the port, and this year only five. It should seem that Austria, from a cruel and selfish policy, is sacrificing Venice to the prosperity of Trieste : but why do I call that a cruel policy, which on recollection I might rather term poetical and retributive justice ?

The grandeur of Venice arose first from its trade in salt. I remember reading in history, that when the king of Hungary opened certain productive salt mines in his dominions, the Venetians sent him a peremptory order to shut them up; and such was the power of the Republic at that time, that he was forced to obey this insolent command, to the great injury and impoverishment of his states. The tables are now turned: the oppressor has become the oppressed.

The principal revenue derived from Venice is from the tax on houses, there being no *land tax*. So rapid was the decay of the place, that in two years seventy houses and palaces were pulled down; the government forbade this by a special law, and now taxes are paid for many houses whose proprietors are too poor to live in them.

There is no *society*, properly so called, at Venice; three old women of rank receive company now and then, and it is any thing rather than select.

Mr. F. told us at Venice, that, on entering the states subject to Austria, he had his Johnson's Dictionary taken from him, and could never re-

cover it ; so jealous is the government of English principles and English literature, that *all* English books are prohibited until examined by the police.

The whole country from Milan to Padua was like a vast garden, nothing could exceed its fertility and beauty. It was the latter end of the vintage ; and we frequently met huge tub-like waggons loaded with purple grapes, reeling home from the vineyards, and driven by men whose legs were stained with treading in the wine-press—now and then, rich clusters were shaken to the ground, as I have seen wisps of straw fall from a hay-cart in England, and were regarded with equal indifference. Sometimes we saw in the vineyards by the road-side, groups of labourers seated among the branches of the trees, and plucking grapes from the vines, which were trailed gracefully from tree to tree and from branch to branch, and drooped with their luxurious burthen of fruit. The scene would have been as perfectly delightful, as it was new and beautiful, but for the squalid looks of the peasantry ; more especially of the women. The principal productions of the country seem to be wine and silk. There were vast groves

of mulberry-trees between Verona and Padua; and we visited some of the silk-mills, in which the united strength of men invariably performed those operations which in England are accomplished by steam or water. I saw in a huge horizontal wheel, about a dozen of these poor creatures labouring so hard, that my very heart ached to see them, and I begged that the machine might be stopped that I might speak to them:—but when it *was* stopped, and I beheld their half savage, half stupified, I had almost said *brutified* countenances, I could not utter a single word—but gave them something, and turned away.

“Compassion is wasted upon such creatures,” said R——; “do you not see that their minds are degraded down to their condition? they do not pity themselves:”—but therefore did I pity them the more.

* * * *

Bologna, Nov. 5.

I fear I shall retain a disagreeable impression of Bologna, for here I am again ill. I have seen little of what the town contains of beautiful and

curious: and that little, under unpleasant and painful circumstances.

Yesterday we passed through Ferrara; only stopping to change horses and dine. We snatched a moment to visit the hospital of St. Anna and the prison of Tasso—the glory and disgrace of Ferrara. Over the iron gate is written “Ingresso alla prigione di Torquato Tasso.” The cell itself is miserably gloomy and wretched, and not above twelve feet square. How amply has posterity avenged the cause of the poet on his tyrant!—and as we emerge from his obscure dungeon and descend the steps of the hospital of St. Anna, with what fervent hatred, indignation, and scorn, do we gaze upon the towers of the ugly red brick palace, or rather fortress, which deforms the great square, and where Alphonso feasted while Tasso wept! The inscription on the door of the cell, calling on strangers to venerate the spot where Tasso, “Infermo più di tristezza che delirio,” was confined seven years and one month—was placed there by the French, and its accuracy may be doubted; as far as I can recollect. The grass growing in the wide streets of Ferrara is no

poetical exaggeration; I saw it rank and long even on the thresholds of the deserted houses, whose sashless windows, and flapping doors, and roofless walls, looked strangely desolate.

I will say nothing of Bologna;—for the few days I have spent here have been to me days of acute suffering, in more ways than I wish to remember, and therefore dare not dwell upon.

At Covigliajo in the Apennines.

O for the pencil of Salvator, or the pen of a Radcliffe! But could either, or could both united, give to my mind the scenes of to-day, in all their splendid combinations of beauty and brightness, gloom and grandeur? A picture may present to the eye a small portion of the boundless whole—one aspect of the ever-varying face of nature; and words, how weak are they!—they are but the elements out of which the quick imagination frames and composes lovely landscapes, according to its power or its peculiar character; and in which the unimaginative man finds only a mere chaos of verbiage, without form, and void.

The scenery of the Appenines is altogether different in character from that of the Alps: it is less bold, less lofty, less abrupt and terrific—but more beautiful, more luxuriant, and infinitely more varied. At one time, the road wound among precipices and crags, crowned with dismantled fortresses and ruined castles—skirted with dark pine forests—and opening into wild recesses of gloom, and immeasurable depths like those of Tartarus profound; then came such glimpses of paradise! such soft sunny valleys and peaceful hamlets—and vine-clad eminences and rich pastures, with here and there a convent half hidden by groves of cypress and cedars. As we ascended we arrived at a height from which, looking back, we could see the whole of Lombardy spread at our feet; a vast, glittering, indistinct landscape, bounded on the north by the summits of the Alps, just apparent above the horizon, like a range of small silvery clouds; and on the east a long unbroken line of bluish light marked the far distant Adriatic; as the day declined, and we continued our ascent, (occasionally assisted by a yoke of oxen where the acclivity was very precipitate,) the mountains

closed around us, the scenery became more wildly romantic, barren, and bleak. At length, after passing the crater of a volcano, visible through the gloom by its dull red light, we arrived at the Inn of Covigliajo, an uncouth dreary edifice, situated in a lonely and desolate spot, some miles from any other habitation. This is the very inn, infamous for a series of the most horrible assassinations, committed here some years ago. Travelers arrived, departed, disappeared, and were never heard of more; by what agency, or in what manner disposed of, could not be discovered. It was supposed for some time that a horde of banditti were harboured among the mountains, and the police were for a long time in active search for them, while the real miscreants remained unsuspected for their seeming insignificance and helplessness; these were the mistress of the inn, the camériste, and the curate of the nearest village, about two leagues off. They secretly murdered every traveller who was supposed to carry property—buried or burned their clothes, packages, and vehicles, retaining nothing but their watches, jewels, and money. The whole story, with all its

horrors, the manner of discovery, and the fate of these wretches, is told, I think, by Forsyth, who can hardly be suspected of romance or exaggeration. I have him not with me to refer to; but I well remember the mysterious and shuddering dread with which I read the anecdote. I am glad no one else seems to recollect it. The inn at present contains many more than it can possibly accommodate. We have secured the best rooms, or rather the *only* rooms—and besides ourselves and other foreigners, there are numbers of native travellers: some of whom arrived on horseback, and others with the Vetturini. A kind of gallery or corridor separates the sleeping rooms, and is divided by a curtain into two parts: the smaller is appropriated to us, as a saloon: the other half, as I contemplate it at this moment through a rent in the curtain, presents a singular and truly Italian spectacle—a huge black iron lamp, suspended by a chain from the rafters, throws a flaring and shifting light around. Some trusses of hay have been shaken down upon the floor, to supply the place of beds, chairs, and tables; and there, reclining in various attitudes, I see a number of

dark looking figures, some eating and drinking, some sleeping; some playing at cards, some telling stories with all the Italian variety of gesticulation and intonation; some silently looking on, or listening. Two or three common looking fellows began to smoke their segars, but when it was suggested that this might incommode the ladies on the other side of the curtain, they with genuine politeness ceased directly. Through this motley and picturesque assemblage I have to make my way to my bed-room in a few minutes—I will take another look at them and then—andiamo!

Florence, Nov. 8.

“La bellisema e famosissima figlia di Roma,” as Dante calls her in some relenting moment. Last night we slept in a blood-stained hovel—and to-night we are lodged in a palace. So much for the vicissitudes of travelling.

I am not subject to idle fears, and least of all to superstitious fears—but last night, at Covigliajo, I could not sleep—I could not even lie down for more than a few minutes together. The whispered voices and hard breathing of the men who

slept in the corridor, from whom only a slight door divided me, disturbed and fevered my nerves; horrible imaginings were all around me: and gladly did I throw open my window at the first glimpse of the dawn, and gladly did I hear the first well-known voice which summoned me to a hasty breakfast. How reviving was the breath of the early morning, after leaving that close, suffocating, ill-omened inn! how beautiful the blush of light stealing downwards from the illumined summits to the valleys, tinting the fleecy mists, as they rose from the earth, till all the landscape was flooded with sunshine: and when at length we passed the mountains, and began to descend into the rich vales of Tuscany—when from the heights above Fèsole we beheld the city of Florence, and above it the young moon and the evening star suspended side by side; and floating over the whole of the Val d'Arno, and the lovely hills which enclose it, a mist, or rather a suffusion of the richest rose colour, which gradually, as the day declined, faded, or rather deepened into purple; then I first understood all the enchantment of an Italian landscape.—O what a country is this! All

that I see, I *feel*—all that I *feel*, sinks so deep into my heart and my memory ! the deeper because I suffer—and because I never think of expressing, or sharing, one emotion with those around me, but lock it up in my own bosom ; or at least in my little book—as I do now.

Nov. 10.—We visited the gallery for the first time yesterday morning ; and I came away with my eyes and imagination so dazzled with excellence, and so distracted with variety, that I retained no distinct recollection of any particular object except the Venus ; which of course was the first and great attraction. This morning was much more delightful ; my powers of discrimination returned, and my power of enjoyment was not diminished. New perceptions of beauty and excellence seemed to open upon my mind ; and faculties long dormant, were roused to pleasurable activity.

I came away untired, unsated ; and with a delightful and distinct impression of all I had seen. I leave to catalogues to particularise ; and am content to admire and to remember.

I am glad I was not disappointed in the Venus

which I half expected. Neither was I surprised : but I felt while I gazed a sense of unalloyed and unmingled pleasure, and forgot the cant of criticism. It has the same effect to the eye, that perfect harmony has upon the ear : and I think I can understand why no copy, cast, or model, however accurate, however exquisite, can convey the impression of tenderness and sweetness, the divine and peculiar charm of the original.

After dinner we walked in the grounds of the Cascine,—a dairy farm belonging to the grand duke, just without the gates of Florence. The promenade lies along the bank of the river, and is sheltered and beautiful. We saw few native Italians, but great numbers of English walking and riding. The day was as warm, as sunny, as brilliant as the first days of September in England.

To-night, after resting a little, I went out to view the effect of the city and surrounding scenery, by moonlight. It is not alone the brilliant purity of the skies and atmosphere, nor the peculiar character of the scenery which strikes a stranger ; but here art harmonizes with nature :

the style of the buildings, their flat projecting roofs, white walls, balconies, colonnades and statues, are all set off to advantage by the radiance of an Italian moon.

I walked across the first bridge, from which I had a fine view of the Ponte della Trinità, with its graceful arches and light balustrade, touched with the sparkling moonbeams and relieved by dark shadow: then I strolled along the quay in front of the Corsini palace, and beyond the colonnade of the Uffizi, to the last of the four bridges; on the middle of which I stood and looked back upon the city—(how justly styled the Fair!)—with all its buildings, its domes, its steeples, its bridges, and woody hills, and glittering convents, and marble villas, peeping from embowering olives and cypresses; and far off the snowy peaks of the Appenines, shining against the dark purple sky; the whole blended together in one delicious scene of shadowy splendour. After contemplating it with a kind of melancholy delight, long enough to get it by heart, I returned homewards. Men were standing on the wall along the Arno, in various picturesque

attitudes, fishing, after the Italian fashion, with singular nets suspended to long poles; and as I saw their dark figures between me and the moonlight, and elevated above my eye, they looked like colossal statues. I then strayed into the Piazza del Gran Duca. Here the rich moonlight, streaming through the arcade of the gallery, fell directly upon the fine Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini; and illuminating the green bronze, touched it with a spectral and supernatural beauty. Thence I walked round the equestrian statue of Cosmo, and so home over the Ponte Alla Carrajo.

Nov. 11.—I spent about two hours in the gallery, and for the first time saw the Niobe. This statue has been for a long time a favourite of my imagination, and I approached it, treading softly and slowly, and with a feeling of reverence; for I had an impression that the original Niobe would, like the original Venus, surpass all the casts and copies I had seen both in beauty and expression: but apparently expression is more easily caught than delicacy and grace, and the grandeur and pathos of the attitude and grouping easily copied—for I think the best casts of the Niobe are ac-

curate counterparts of the original; and at the first glance I was capriciously disappointed, because the statue did not *surpass* my expectations. It should be contemplated from a distance. It is supposed that the whole group once ornamented the pediment of a temple—probably the temple of Diana or Latona. I once saw a beautiful drawing by Mr. Cockerell, of the manner in which he supposed the whole group was distributed. Many of the figures are rough and unfinished at the back, as if they had been placed on a height, and viewed only in front.

In the same room with the Niobe is a head which struck me more—the *Alexandre Mourant*. The title seemed to me misapplied; for there is something indignant and upbraiding, as well as mournful, in the expression of this magnificent head. It is undoubtedly Alexander—but Alexander reproaching the gods—or calling upon Heaven for new worlds to conquer.

I visited also the gallery of Bronzes: it contains, among other master-pieces, the ærial Mercury of John of Bologna, of which we see such a multiplicity of copies. There is a conceit in perching

him upon the bluff cheeks of a little Eolus : but what exquisite lightness in the figure!—how it mounts, how it floats, disdaining the earth ! On leaving the gallery, I sauntered about ; visited some churches, and then returned home depressed and wearied : and in this melancholy humour I had better close my book, lest I be tempted to write what I could not bear to see written.

Sunday.—At the English ambassador's chapel. To attend public worship among our own countrymen, and hear the praises of God in our native accents, in a strange land, among a strange people ; where a different language, different manners, and a different religion prevail, affects the mind, or at least ought to affect it ;—and deeply too : yet I cannot say that I felt devout this morning. The last day I visited St. Mark's, when I knelt down beside the poor weeping girl and her dove-basket, my heart was touched, and my prayers, I humbly trust, were not unheard : to-day, in that hot close crowded room, among those fine people flaunting in all the luxury of dress, I felt suffocated, feverish, and my head ached—the clergyman too——

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Samuel Rogers paid us a long visit this morning. He does not look as if the suns of Italy had *revivified* him—but he is as *amiable* and amusing as ever. He talked long, *et avec beaucoup d'onction*, of ortolans and figs; till methought it was the very poetry of epicurism; and put me in mind of his own suppers—

“Where blushing fruits through scatter'd leaves invite,
Still clad in bloom and veiled in azure light.
The wine as rich in years as Horace sings;”

and the rest of his description, worthy of a poetical Apicius.

Rogers may be seen every day about eleven or twelve in the Tribune, seated opposite to the Venus, which appears to be the exclusive object of his adoration; and gazing, as if he hoped, like another Pygmalion, to animate the statue; or rather perhaps that the statue might animate *him*. A young Englishman of fashion, with as much talent as *espiéglerie*, placed an epistle in verse between the fingers of the statue, addressed to Rogers; in which the goddess entreats him not

to come there *ogling* her every day ;—for though “partial friends might deem him still alive,” she knew by his looks he had come from the other side of the Styx ; and retained her *antique* abhorrence of the spectral dead, &c. &c. She concluded by beseeching him, if he could not desist from haunting her with his *ghostly* presence, at least to spare her the added misfortune of being be-rhymed by his muse.

Rogers, with equal good nature and good sense, neither noticed these lines, nor withdrew his friendship and intimacy from the writer.

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Carlo Dolce is not one of my favourite masters. There is a cloying sweetness in his style, a general want of power which wearies me : yet I brought away from the Corsini Palace to-day an impression of a head by Carlo Dolce, (La Poesia,) which I shall never forget. Now I recall the picture, I am at a loss to tell where lies the charm which has thus powerfully seized on my imagination. Here are no “eyes upturned like one inspired”—no distortion—no rapt enthusiasm—no Muse full of the God ;—but it is a

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head so purely, so divinely intellectual, so heavenly sweet, and yet so penetrating,—so full of sensibility, and yet so unstained by earthly passion—so brilliant, and yet so calm—that if Carlo Dolce had lived in our days, I should have thought he intended it for the personified genius of Wordsworth's poetry. There is such an individual reality about this beautiful head, that I am inclined to believe the tradition, that it is the portrait of one of Carlo Dolce's daughters who died young:—and yet

“ Did ever mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment ?”

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Nov. 15.—Our stay at Florence promises to be far gayer than either Milan or Venice, or even Paris: more diversified by society, as well as affording a wider field of occupation and amusement.

Sometimes in the long evenings, when fatigued and over-excited, I recline apart on the sofa, or bury myself in the recesses of a *fauteuil*; when I am aware that my mind is wandering away to forbidden themes, I force my attention to what is

going forward ; and often see and hear much that is entertaining, if not improving. People are so accustomed to my pale face, languid indifference and, what M—— calls, my *impracticable* silence, that after the first glance and introduction, I believe they are scarcely sensible of my presence: so I sit, and look, and listen, secure and harboured in my apparent dullness. The flashes of wit, the attempts at sentiment, the affectation of enthusiasm, the absurdities of folly, and the blunders of ignorance ; the contrast of characters and the clash of opinions, the scandalous anecdotes of the day, related with sprightly malice, and listened to with equally malicious avidity,—all these, in my days of health and happiness, had power to surprise, or amuse, or provoke me. I could mingle *then* in the conflict of minds ; and bear my part with smiles in the social circle ; though the next moment perhaps I might condemn myself and others: and the personal scandal, the characteristic tale, the amusing folly, or the malignant wit, were effaced from my mind—

——“ Like forms with chalk

Painted on rich men's floors for one feast night.”

Now it is different: I can smile yet, but my smile is in pity, rather than in mockery. If suffering has subdued my mind to seriousness, and perhaps enfeebled its powers, I may at least hope that it has not soured or embittered my temper:—if what could once *amuse*, no longer amuses,—what could once *provoke* has no longer power to irritate: thus my loss may be improved into a gain—*car tout est bien, quand tout est mal*.

It is sorrow which makes our experience; it is sorrow which teaches us to feel properly for ourselves and for others. We must feel deeply, before we can think rightly. It is not in the tempest and storm of passions we can reflect,—but afterwards when *the waters have gone over our soul*; and like the precious gems and the rich merchandize which the wild wave casts on the shore out of the wreck it has made—such are the thoughts left by retiring passions.

Reflection is the result of feeling; from that absorbing, heart-rending compassion for oneself, (the most painful sensation, *almost*, of which our nature is capable,) springs a deeper sympathy for others; and from the sense of our own weakness,

and our own self-upbraiding, arises a disposition to be indulgent—to forbear—and to forgive—so at least it ought to be. When once we have shed those inexpressibly bitter tears, which fall unregarded, and which we forget to wipe away, O how we shrink from inflicting pain! how we shudder at unkindness!—and think all harshness even in thought, only another name for cruelty! These are but common-place truths, I know, which have often been a thousand times better expressed. Formerly I heard them, read them, and thought I believed them: now I feel them; and feeling, I utter them as if they were something new.—Alas! the lessons of sorrow are as old as the world itself.

To-day we have seen nothing new. In the morning I was ill: in the afternoon we drove to the Cascina; and while the rest walked, I spread my shawl upon the bank and basked like a lizard in the sunshine. It was a most lovely day, a summer-day in England. In this paradise of a country, the common air, and earth, and skies, seem happiness enough. While I sat to-day, on my green bank—languid, indeed, but free from pain—

and looked round upon a scene which has lost its novelty, but none of its beauty,—where Florence, with its glittering domes and its back-ground of sunny hills, terminated my view on one side, and the Appenines, tinted with rose colour and gold, bounded it on the other, I felt not only pleasure, but a deep thankfulness that such pleasures were yet left to me.

Among the gay figures who passed and re-passed before me, I remarked a benevolent but rather heavy-looking old gentleman, with a shawl hanging over his arm, and holding a parasol, with which he was gallantly shading a little plain old woman from the November sun. After them walked two young ladies, simply dressed; and then followed a tall and very handsome young man, with a plain but elegant girl hanging on his arm. This was the Grand Duke and his family; with the Prince of Carignano, who has lately married one of his daughters. Two servants in plain drab liveries, followed at a considerable distance. People politely drew on one side as they approached; but no other homage was paid to the sovereign, who thus takes his walk in public

almost every day. Lady Morgan is merry at the expense of the Grand Duke's taste for brick and mortar: but monarchs, like other men, must have their amusements; some invent uniforms, some stitch embroidery;—and why should not this good-natured Grand Duke amuse himself with his trowel if he likes it? As to the Prince of Carignano, I give him up to her lash—*le traître*—but perhaps he thought he was doing right: and at all events there are not flatterers wanting, to call his perfidy patriotism.

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I am told that Florence retains its reputation of being the most devout capital in Italy, and that here love, music, and devotion, hold divided empire, or rather are *tria juncta in uno*. The liberal patronage and taste of Lord Burghersh, contribute perhaps to make music so much a *passion* as it is at present. Magnelli, the Grand Duke's Maestra di Cappella, and director of the Conservatorio, is the finest tenor in Italy. I have the pleasure of hearing him frequently, and think the purity of his taste at least equal to the perfection of his voice; rare praise for a singer in these

“most brisk and giddy-paced times.” He gave us last night the beautiful recitative which introduces Desdemona’s song in Othello—

Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria !

and the words, the music, and the divine pathos of the man’s voice combined, made me feel—as I thought I never could have felt again.

TO —————

As sounds of sweetest music, heard at eve,
When summer dews weep over languid flowers,
When the still air conveys each touch, each tone,
However faint—and breathes it on the ear
With a distinct and thrilling power, that leaves
Its memory long within the raptur’d soul,—
—Even *such* thou art to me !—and thus I sit
And feel the harmony that round thee lives,
And breathes from every feature. Thus I sit—
And when most quiet—cold—or silent—*then*
Even then, I feel each word, each look, each tone !
There’s not an accent of that tender voice,
There’s not a day-beam of those sunbright eyes,

Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half utter'd, feeling half betray'd,
Nor glance of kindness,—no, nor gentlest touch
Of that dear hand, in amity extended,
That e'er was lost to me ;—that treasur'd well,
And oft recall'd, dwells not upon my soul
Like sweetest music heard at summer's eve !

Yesterday we visited the church of San Lorenzo, the Laurentian library, and the Pietra Dura manufactory, and afterwards spent an hour in the Tribune.

In a little chapel in the San Lorenzo are Michel Angelo's famous statues, the Morning, the Noon, the Evening, and the Night. I looked at them with admiration rather than with pleasure ; for there is something in the severe and overpowering style of this master, which affects me disagreeably, as beyond my feeling, and above my comprehension. These statues are very ill disposed for effect : the confined *cell* (such it seemed) in which they are placed is so strangely disproportioned to the awful and massive grandeur of their forms.

There is a picture by Michel Angelo, considered a chef d'œuvre, which hangs in the Tribune, to the right of the Venus : now if all the

connoisseurs in the world, with Vasari at their head, were to harangue for an hour together on the merits of this picture, I might submit in silence, for I am no connoisseur ; but that it is a disagreeable, a hateful picture, is an opinion which fire could not melt out of me. In spite of Messieurs les Connoisseurs, and Michel Angelo's fame, I would die in it at the stake : for instance, here is the Blessed Virgin, not the "Vergine Santa, d'ogni grazia piena," but a Virgin, whose brick-dust coloured face, harsh unfeminine features, and muscular, masculine arms, give me the idea of a washerwoman, (*con rispetto parlando* !) an infant Saviour with the proportions of a giant : and what shall we say of the nudity of the figures in the back ground ; profaning the subject and shocking at once good taste and good sense ? A little farther on, the eye rests on the divine Madre di Dio of Correggio : what beauty, what sweetness, what maternal love, and humble adoration are blended in the look and attitude with which she bends over her infant ! Beyond it hangs the Madonna del Cardellino of Raffaele : what heavenly grace, what simplicity, what saint-like purity,

in the expression of that face, and that exquisite mouth! And from these must I turn back, on pain of being thought an ignoramus, to admire the coarse perpetration of Michel Angelo—because it is Michel Angelo's? But I speak in ignorance.*

To return to San Lorenzo. The chapel of the Medici, begun by Ferdinand the First, where coarse brickwork and plaster mingle with marble and gems, is still unfinished and likely to remain so: it did not interest me. The fine bronze sarcophagus, which encloses the ashes of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and of his brother Giuliano, assassinated by the Pazzi, interested me far more. While I was standing carelessly in front of the high altar, I happened to look down, and under my feet were these words, "TO COSMO THE VENERABLE, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY." I moved away in haste, and before I had decided to my own satisfaction upon Cosmo's claims to the gratitude and veneration of posterity, we left the church.

At the Laurentian library we were edified by

* This was indeed ignorance! (1834.)

the sight of some famous old manuscripts, invaluable to classical scholars. To my unlearned eyes the manuscript of Petrarch, containing portraits of himself and Laura, was more interesting. Petrarch is hideous—but I was pleased with the head of Laura, which in spite of the antique dryness and stiffness of the painting, has a soft and delicate expression not unlike one of Carlo Dolce's Madonnas. Here we saw Galileo's fore-finger, pointing up to the skies from a white marble pedestal ; and exciting more derision than respect.

At the Pietra Dura, notwithstanding the beauty and durability of some of the objects manufactured, the result seemed to me scarce worth the incredible time, patience, and labour required in the work. *Par exemple*, six months' hard labour spent upon a butterfly in the lid of a snuff-box seems a most disproportionate waste of time. Thirty workmen are employed here at the Grand Duke's expense ; for this manufacture, like that of the Gobelins at Paris, is exclusively carried on for the sovereign.

Nov. 20.—I am struck in this place with grand beginnings and mean endings. I have not yet

seen a finished church, even the Duomo has no façade.

Yesterday we visited the Palazzo Mozzi to see Benvenuto's picture, "The Night after the Battle of Jena." Then several churches—the Santa Croce, which is hallowed ground: the Annunciata, celebrated for the frescos of Andrea del Sarto; and the Carmine, which pleased me by the light elegance of its architecture, and its fine alto-relievos in white marble. In this church is the chapel of the Madonna del Carmele, painted by Masuccio, and the most ancient frescos extant: they are curious rather than beautiful, and going to decay.

To-day we visited the school of the Fine Arts: it contains a very fine and ample collection of casts after the antique; and some of the works of modern artists and students are exhibited. Were I to judge from the specimens I have seen here and elsewhere, I should say that a cold, glaring, hard *tea-tray* style prevails in painting, and a still worse taste, if possible, in sculpture. No soul, no grandeur, no simplicity; a meagre insipidity in the conception, a nicety of finish in

the detail ; affectation instead of grace, distortion instead of power, and prettiness instead of beauty. Yet the artists who execute these works, and those who buy them, have free access to the marvels of the gallery, and the treasures of the Pitti Palace. Are they sans eyes, sans souls, sans taste, sans every thing, but money and self-conceit ?

Nov. 22.—Our mornings, however otherwise occupied, are generally concluded by an hour in the gallery or at the Pitti Palace ; the evenings are spent in the Mercato Nuovo, in the workshops of artists, or at the Cascina.

To-day at the gallery I examined the Dutch school and the Salle des Portraits, and ended as usual with the Tribune. The Salle des Portraits contains a complete collection of the portraits of painters down to the present day. In general their respective countenances are expressive of their characters and style of painting. Poor Harlow's picture, painted by himself, is here.

The Dutch and Flemish painters (in spite of their exquisite pots and pans, and cabbages and carrots, their birch-brooms, in which you can

count every twig, and their carpets, in which you can reckon every thread) do not interest me ; their landscapes too, however natural, are mere Dutch nature, (with some brilliant exceptions,) fat cattle, clipped trees, boors, and windmills. Of course I am not speaking of Vandyke, nor of Rubens, he that " in the colours of the rainbow lived," nor of Rembrandt, that king of clouds and shadows ; but for mine own part, I would give up all that Mieris, Netscher, Teniers, and Gerard Douw ever produced, for one of Claude's Eden-like creations, or one of Guido's lovely heads—or merely for the pleasure of looking at Titian's Flora once a day, I would give a whole gallery of Dutchmen, if I had them.

In the daughter of Herodias, by Leonardo da Vinci, there is the same eternal face he always paints, but with a peculiar expression—she turns away her head with the air of a fine lady, whose senses are shocked by the sight of blood and death, while her heart remains untouched either by remorse or pity.

His ghastly Medusa made me shudder while it fascinated me, as if in those loathsome snakes,

writhing and glittering round the expiring head, and those abhorred and fiendish abominations crawling into life, there still lurked the fabled spell which petrified the beholder. Poor Medusa ! was this the guerdon of thy love ? and were those the tresses which enslaved the ocean's lord ? Methinks that in this wild mythological fiction, in the terrific vengeance which Minerva takes for her profaned temple, and in the undying snakes which for ever hiss round the head of her victim—there is a deep moral, if woman would lay it to her heart.

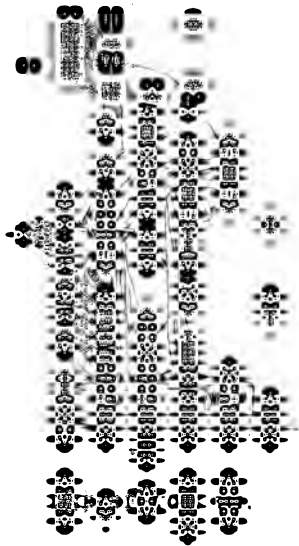
In Guercino's Endymion, the very mouth is asleep : in his Sybil the very eyes are prophetic, and glance into futurity.

The boyish, but divine St. John, by Raffaele, did not please me so well as some of his portraits and Madonnas ; his Leo the Tenth, for instance, his Julius the Second, or even his Fornarina : and I may observe here, that I admire Titian's taste much more than Raffaele's, *en fait de maitresse*. The Fornarina is a mere *femme du peuple*, a coarse virago, compared to the refined, the exquisite La Manto, in the Pitti Palace. I

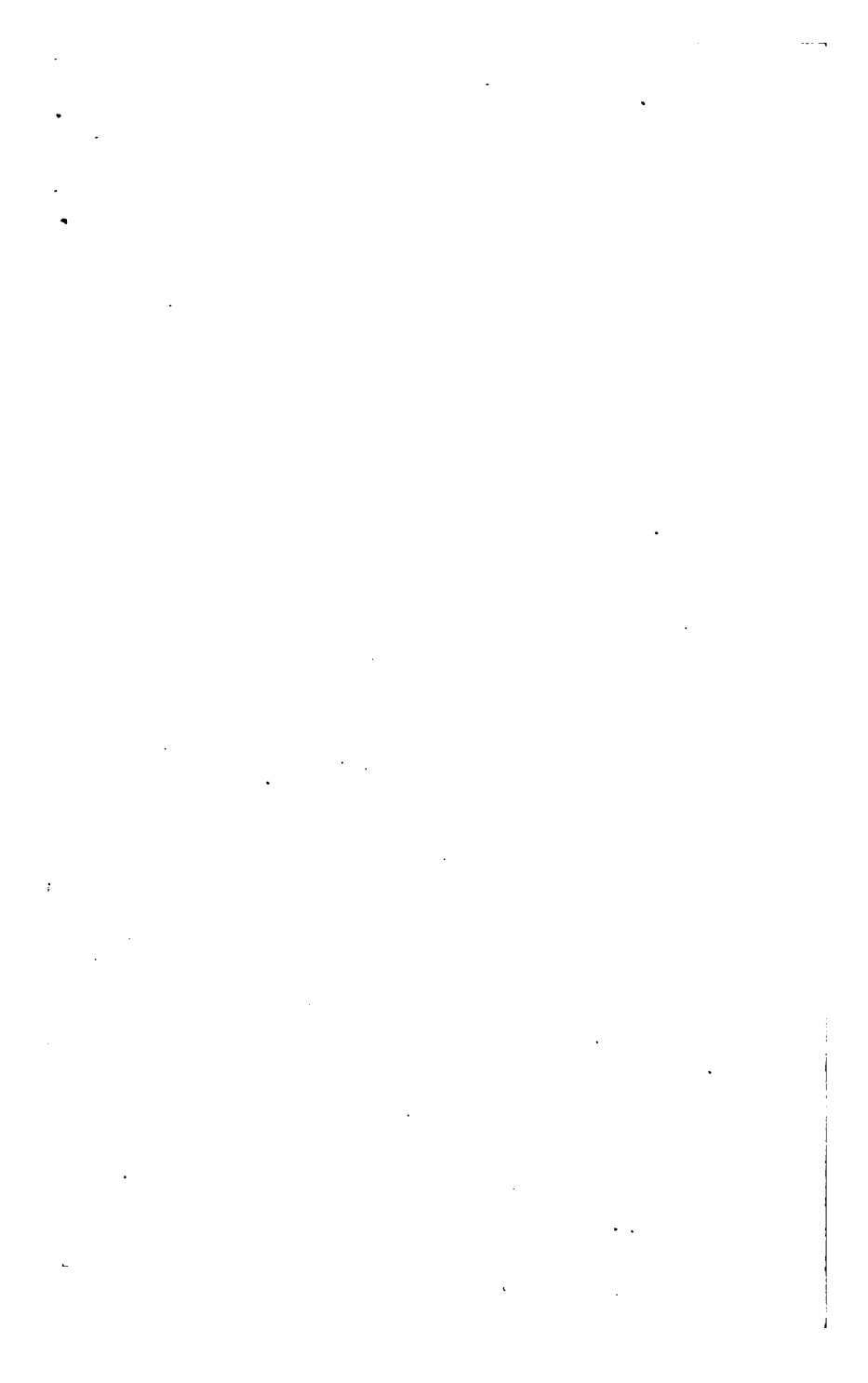
think the Flora must have been painted from the same lovely model, as far as I can judge from compared recollections, for I have no authority to refer to. The former is the most elegant, and the latter the most poetical female portrait I ever saw. At Titian's Venus in the Tribune, one hardly ventures to look up; it is the perfection of earthly loveliness, as the Venus de' Medici is all ideal—all celestial beauty. In the multiplied copies and engravings of this picture I see every where, the bashful sweetness of the countenance, and the tender languid repose of the figure are made coarse, or something worse: degraded, in short, into a character altogether unlike the original.

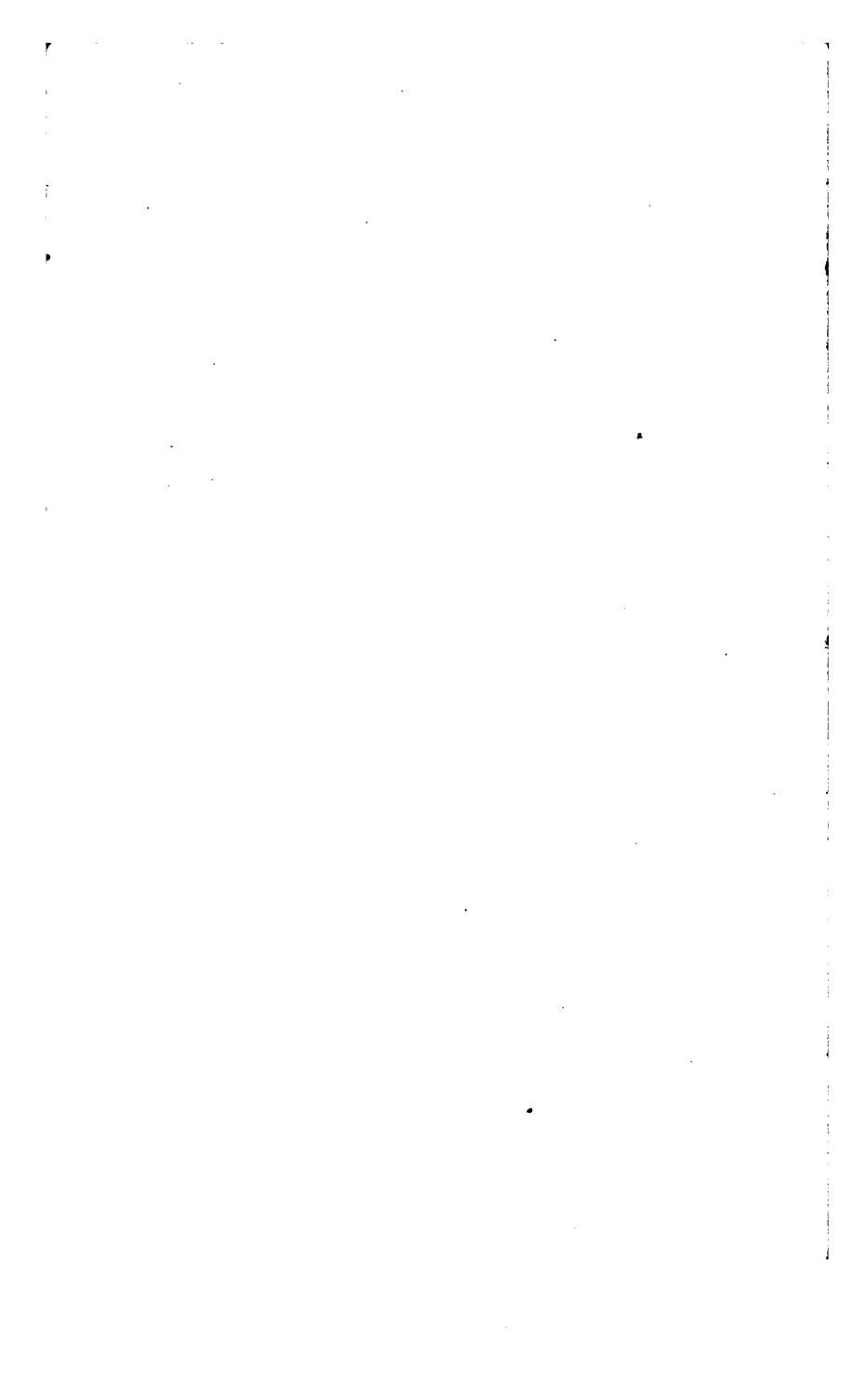
I say nothing of the Gallery of the Palazzo Pitti; which is not a collection so much as a *selection* of the most invaluable gems and masterpieces of art. The imagination dazzled and bewildered by excellence can scarcely make a choice—but I think the Madonna Della Seggiola of Raffaello, Allori's magnificent Judith, Guido's Cleopatra, and Salvator's Catiline, dwell most upon my memory.

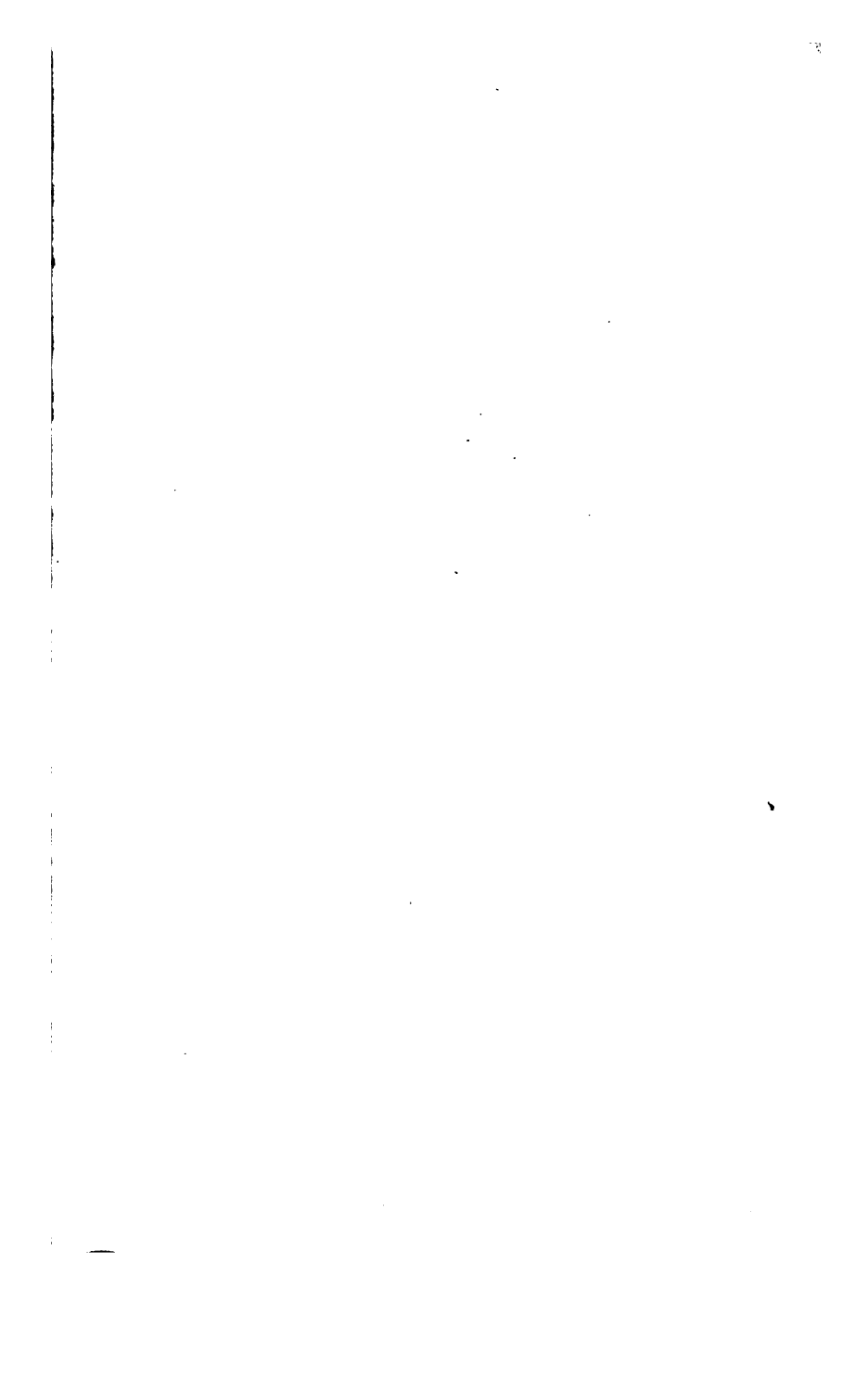
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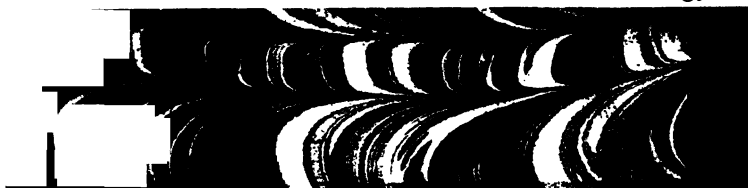
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